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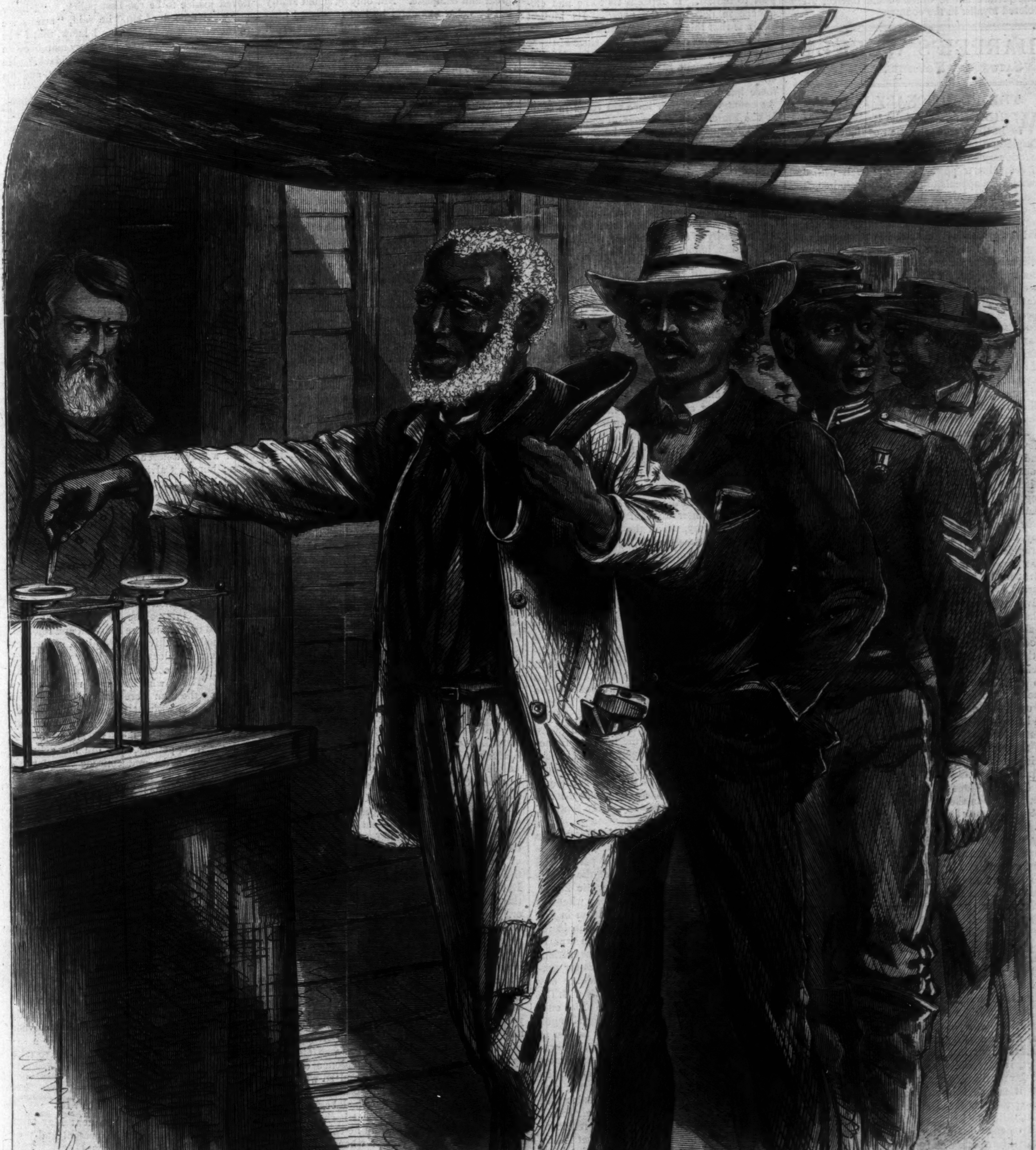


"THE FIRST VOTE."—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

THE FIRST VOTE.

EVERY one of the several Southern States which have voted under the reconstruction acts of Congress have been carried by the white and colored loyalists. Louisiana, Virginia, Alabama, and now Georgia, have declared by large majorities of Union men in favor of Conventions to remodel the State Constitutions on the basis of equal rights to all, and in each and all of them positive and decided Unionists of both colors have been chosen to assist in this labor of remodeling the State laws.

The good sense and discretion, and above all the modesty, which the freedmen have displayed in the exercise, for the first time, of the great privilege which has been bestowed upon them, and the vast power which accompanies the privilege, have been most noticeable. Admiration of their commendable conduct has suggested the admirable engraving which we give on the first page of this issue. The freedmen are represented marching to the ballot-box to deposit their first vote, not with expressions of exultation or of defiance of their old masters and present opponents depicted on their countenances, but looking serious and solemn and determined. The picture is one which should interest every colored loyalist in the country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

THE REACTIONARY POLICY.

WHILE the policy of the Republican party in the present situation of the country is simple and plainly defined, the Democratic or reactionary party, alert and anxious for a chance of returning to power, contents itself with denunciation, appeals to the lowest prejudice, and claims to be the peculiarly conservative party of the country. Its policy, if it should return to power, must be inferred from its antecedents and the principles announced by its orators and organs. Its view of the origin of the present political situation is evident from the views of those who speak for it, and this view must dictate its measures. Thus at the late Democratic meeting in the city of New York the chief speakers were Mr. JAMES S. THAYER, Mr. VOORHEES of Indiana, Mr. COX, Mr. O'GORMAN, and Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR. The latter gentleman's performances and opinions are of no significance, because he is a mere political shyster. But the four others are representative men of the Democratic party. They were all known during the war as the most virulent Copperheads.

Mr. O'GORMAN, indeed, spoke at the great New York meeting after the fall of Sumter, and urged a show of force to persuade the Southern brethren to see that they had made a mistake; but the fighting, if there were to be any, he begged might be of the most fraternal character, and he had no conception whatever then, nor does he seem ever to have acquired any, of the real nature and necessity of the great struggle. When the war really began Mr. O'GORMAN opposed it, and denounced the Government with a bitterness which was nowhere surpassed. Mr. THAYER was an open and frank advocate of secession; and declared that if what he called a revolution were to take place, it should begin at home in the free States. Mr. VOORHEES was implicated in the conspiracy of "the Sons of Liberty" and "Knights of the Golden Circle," and declared with fervor that he would "never vote one dollar, one man, or one gun" to carry on the war. Mr. COX was of opinion that "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." These orators spoke for the Democratic party then as they speak for it now. The war, in their opinion, was unconstitutional, unnecessary, and wicked. It was occasioned by the aggressions of the free States upon the rights of the slave States. Upon the abstract question of Slavery these gentlemen held the doctrines of their party. The negro was of an inferior race; Slavery tended to civilize him; and whether Slavery were right or wrong it was none of our business. To condemn Slavery was "to poison the wells" of our Southern brothers; it was to breed dissension; it was to foment disunion.

Such were the views of these representative Democrats before and during the war. Since the surrender of LEE they have declared, upon all occasions, that arms having been laid down every thing returns to its previous condition; and the only constitutional method of dealing with the situation is to indict and try as many persons for treason as may be thought wise. At the same time they decry such a course as impolitic. The policy of reconstruction, therefore, which a party holding such views must necessarily put into practice, should it regain power, is that which springs from the theory that the rebellion is now a suppressed riot, and that it is impolitic to prosecute any rioter. During the war the Democratic party denied the constitutional power of the Commander-in-chief to emancipate slaves, and prophesied a servile insurrection and universal massacre of the white population of the rebel States as the inevitable consequence of emancipation. But the party now generally acquiesces in the fact of the freedom of the late slaves. It insists, however, that Congress has no authority whatever to enfranchise them politically, and prophesies, as a consequence of negro voting, the lapse of the late rebel States into a barbarism as universal as the massacre which it foretold as the consequence of emancipation. The Democratic policy of reconstruction would therefore be the surrender of the emancipated class to the care of the white class of the population. What kind of care that would be, what justice or mercy slaves emancipated as a means of subduing their masters might expect from their masters after they were subdued, experience and common-sense assure us. Under the name of fraternity the Democratic policy would replace DAVIS and TOOMBS in the Senate, and LEE in the army. Under the name of conciliation it would intrust the political prosperity of ten States to those who do not disguise their regretful reverence for baffled rebellion. As it formerly betrayed human nature and struck at nationality under the plea of State sovereignty, so it would now dishonor the nation and outrage justice under the name of conciliation and heavenly good-will.

Yet the chief Democratic argument is an appeal to hatred. It expends its force and eloquence in defaming the negro. Its highest strain is that this is a white man's government, which is true as a matter of fact, since of thirty millions of people only four are colored. But it is wholly untrue as an argument for the exclusion of colored men from the suffrage, for there has never been a time in the history of the country when they have not voted in some of the States. By incessant denunciations of "nigger equality," as well as by the most contemptible falsehoods, the Democratic party tries to inflame the hostility of race. While in the city of New York and elsewhere in the North there is no degree of bestiality into which a white human being can sink so low that he is not still a good enough voter and an intelligent fellow-citizen, yet the colored man every where is of necessity of an inferior race, semi-civilized, a barbarian, ignorant, and degraded. The staple of Democratic speeches is ridicule of the negro, or a solemn effort to prove his total incapacity for intelligent citizenship. Now we ask for a single evidence of that incapacity as a class which is not equally true of the foreign-born voters of the city of New York as a class. And we ask any man who wishes the speedy return of peace and prosperity to the country whether he trusts the statesmanship of a party which systematically excites hostility between the Irish-born and the colored population. It is the old tactics of the slaveholding oligarchy, which always fostered the mutual jealousy of the poor whites and the slaves.

The Democratic party also claims to be peculiarly conservative. Conservative of what? Of the great principles of liberty, of equality before the laws, of equal defenses of rights, of governments of all the people? By no means. It is merely conservative of the traditions of caste and slavery, which the country has outgrown, of class supremacy, of class legislation, of unequal laws, of governments from which half of the people are arbitrarily excluded. Of what is the Democratic party conservative? Is it of the Constitution? One of its chief candidates for the Presidency, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, attacks the Senate as unjustly constituted. Is it of the national good faith and fame? The other of its Presidential candidates, Mr. PENDLETON, demands repudiation. It will not be denied that the most intelligent and highly-civilized parts of the country are politically Republican; and the most ignorant sections Democratic. In the city of New York it can not be disputed that the parts which are the least enlightened give the heaviest Democratic majorities. Now is ignorance truly conservative? Does any body who is competent to pronounce suppose that the political majority in the city of New York represents as real a conservatism as the majority in the State of Iowa or Massachusetts?

We repeat that the policy of the Democratic party in the present situation of the country is founded upon bitter hostility to a part of the population, and upon disregard of the principles of the Constitution and of public honor. It is conservative in no other sense whatever than that of the old Tory conservatism in England which protested that to abolish the death-penalty for stealing a leg of mutton was to sweep away the bulwarks of the Constitution. Its whole course is a series of tactics for getting into power. There is no evidence any where of a serious desire to deal fairly with the pressing questions of the country. The only thing every where evident is that it has changed no opinions, that it holds as strongly as ever to the spirit of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98; that it honors and trusts most the men who were the most subservient to the domination of slavery in the government; and that it wholly and contemptuously denies that government should rest upon the expressed consent of the governed. Should it return to power we must expect every question settled by the war to be reopened. We must anticipate repudiation and a commercial convulsion such as no country ever experienced. We must be prepared for a policy toward the freedmen upon which the civilized world would cry shame. The success of the Democratic party would be the restoration of the rebellion to power.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

BEFORE he was fifty years old, in the vigor of his prime, respected and beloved as few men ever are, suddenly and with no pain to himself, but with an indescribable sorrow to the country, JOHN A. ANDREW has gone hence. How strong his hold was upon the hearts of all good men among us nobody probably fully estimated till he died. How much good men counted upon him in the future even they could not know until they found themselves, as now, looking vaguely about and seeing no man in his place. Not since the news came of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's death were so many hearts truly smitten. Not since the bright spring days in which that memorable funeral procession wound through the land were so many sincere tears shed as for a personal, private loss, in thousands of homes, as on the soft autumn day when Governor ANDREW, as he will be always fondly called, was buried. Yet whatever might have been hoped and expected in the future, his service to his country and to mankind was already great and complete. Not only by signal ability but by noble character he had impressed himself upon his contemporaries, and without a spot upon his fame he takes his place among the really representative Americans.

Before the war he had been representative in the Legislature and member of the Constitutional Convention; and there was no man in his State better known or more wholly trusted. We first heard his name in 1859 from a Massachusetts man, who said "JOHN A. ANDREW will be Governor if he wants to be." But when the war was evidently at hand it was Massachusetts which wanted him, and turned to him at once as her leader. How he led her is already a familiar tale. Those of her citizens who felt most deeply and truly all that her history and a certain moral renown of the State demanded, also felt that the demand had been fully satisfied by him. Almost his first act upon his accession to office in January, 1861, was to order equipments for the soldiers. He knew that war was imminent, and he thoroughly understood its scope and probable results. On the 19th of April Massachusetts blood—the first in the war—was shed at Baltimore, and Governor ANDREW's dispatch to the Mayor of that city introduced him to the country. "I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by the Commonwealth."

From that moment until the end of the war there was no more untiring and efficient soldier of the Union and of liberty than he. His executive ability was remarkable, his industry astonishing, his devotion unflagging. He worked with hand and heart and head. He equipped and organized the troops, but he also nerved the moral sentiment which sustained the public opinion upon which the war rested. He was the best of counselors. His insight was seldom at fault. He measured men accurately—how justly, indeed, experience has since shown in some conspicuous instances. There were good and able men in the executive chairs of the loyal States during the war. But it was a just instinct upon their part which selected Governor ANDREW to write the address of the loyal Governors at Altoona.

From the beginning Governor ANDREW saw plainly the relation of slavery to the war. When General BUTLER moved into Maryland in April, 1861, he offered his troops to Governor HICKS to aid in suppressing servile insurrections. Governor ANDREW, who instinctively knew that Slavery was the rebel, instantly felt the weakness of the reasoning which had probably influenced General BUTLER, and wrote to him very kindly, but very decidedly, regretting that Massachusetts troops had been offered for such a purpose, and stating that such an insurrection must now be contemplated from a military point of view, and was one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy. General BUTLER replied with the favorite allusion to "the horrors of St. Domingo," which would follow the arming of the slaves. He failed to convince the Governor, however, and probably himself; and the next year Governor ANDREW, after long and urgent solicitation of the authorities at Washington, obtained leave to raise three years' colored volunteers. And the Fifty-fourth Massachussetts was the first colored regiment that marched from the free States. The Governor addressed it upon its departure, and gave to its young Colonel the flag for which he and so many of his brave soldiers heroically fell.

Five times Governor ANDREW was elected by a vast majority. The confidence of the State in him was unbounded, and so were its pride and love. But in 1865 he declined a renomination. His magistracy had begun with the war, and he was willing that it should end with it. He was not rich, and he could not afford to be Governor except when the public necessity was overpowering; and when it ceased to be so his duty to himself and to his family withdrew him from public life. But he had doubtless overtasked himself. Early and late he was at his post, and the strain of the whole moral and nervous system exhausted him. He was of a full habit, and had had one or two hints of the uncertainty of his health. But while the war lasted he could not heed such hints, and when it was ended it was probably too late. Yet, with the blithe ardor of a boy, he threw himself again into his profession, and into the undisturbed domestic happiness to which he had been so long a stranger. Every morning he passed across the Common, swinging his lawyer's bag, as if he were just sixteen and were on his way to the Latin school with his satchel. His tastes were simple; his life unostentatious. Every body knew him. He was the best-beloved citizen; and his genial greeting was as warm as a sunny May morning. But "the shadow feared of man" walked very near him: and suddenly, holding the hand that was dearest to him in the world, he died.

Governor ANDREW was in the truest sense a statesman. That is to say, his discretion was as remarkable as his principles were profound; and he had that sagacious perception of practicability which enables a man of great executive faculty to achieve great good results. He was a Radical in the truest sense. That is, he believed justice to be the best policy. "I know not what record of sin," he said, "awaits me in the other world; but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was black." He valued party as an instrument merely, and his moral independence and political intrepidity were alike unsurpassed. It would be difficult to find an American statesman who so naturally attracted popular sympathy, and so heartily scorned to flatter the mob. He never lost his self-respect, and therefore always retained his respect for others. If he differed with his friends about methods, he kept his temper; and if they lost theirs, their sharpest censure or angriest menace did not swerve him the very least step from the line of his conviction. When the war ended, although he had been an early and devoted anti-slavery man, he said plainly, "I have been for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and now I am for a vigorous prosecution of the peace." But he meant by that no sentimental confusion of right and wrong; no blubbering blunder of surrendering the very victory so hardly won. He meant a calm and patient reconstruction upon the broad foundation of equity and common-sense.

No man was ever more truly a Puritan in the liberal sense of believing in the moral basis of good government, but certainly no one ever less a Puritan in supposing that legislation can produce results which in the nature of things are solely due to moral causes. He had also the sinewy religious faith of the Puritan, but under a very different form. He was a Unitarian; but no Calvinist of COTTON MATHER's school believed more fervently than he. His imagination kindled with the grandeur of the Hebrew religious spirit and the Biblical phraseology; and his speeches, and often his official documents, when it was becoming, were impressive from a rich and solemn Scriptural rhetoric. At a camp-meeting upon Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1862 he spoke to thousands of people one Sunday in the open air with the fire and unction of a great religious leader.

In social intercourse Governor ANDREW's sweet and opulent nature sparkled and rejoiced. Truly modest, cultivated, sprightly, sympathetic, the same candor and simplicity which dignified his public conduct endeared him to his friends. Those who had had no chance of measuring the man were ready to see him fail when he came without preparation to the direction of a great State during a great war. But there were few men in Massachusetts, whatever their politics, who did not acknowledge their mistake and concede his masterly capacity. It was this general conviction of Governor ANDREW's perfect rectitude, sagacity, and political candor and ability, which had already indicated him, in the minds of many who felt that General GRANT's nomination to the Presidency was inevitable, as the most proper candidate for the Vice-Presidency. That cheering hope has disappeared. Public life in the United States has lost a man whom it could not spoil, and who made it truly noble and inspiring; a man who was cultivated without loss of popular influence; who worked with a party and was never its slave; who kept faith with himself, and was in every fibre of his being, and in the best sense, an American. And he, too, is one of the victims of the war. None of the brave young men who loved him, and whom he loved, whom he commissioned and sent with his benediction to the great struggle, spent his life for the country more truly than Governor ANDREW. With theirs, his memory is a sacred and immortal appeal to the living to take care that the dead have not died in vain.

THE TRIAL OF DAVIS.

IT IS now said that at the next May term Chief Justice CHASE will be present and preside at the trial of JEFFERSON DAVIS. This seems to show that the trial is really to take place. And what is to be the result of it? What can be? What folly so stupendous as to ask twelve men to decide whether the war was right or wrong, legal or illegal! Suppose JEFFERSON DAVIS is convicted of treason, will he be hung? If he be convicted and pardoned, is it conceivable that any convicted traitor would ever be hung in this country? If not hung, does the conviction establish the fact of his treason more decisively than it is already established? Or if he be acquitted, is he any the less guilty? Will any body believe him to be less guilty? If he be acquitted, of course the Government is convicted. If the jury say that he was not guilty, then he was engaged in lawful proceedings, and the Government, that is, the loyal people of this country, are guilty of all the horrors of the war.

There is no conceivable use in the trial of Jefferson Davis. No verdict can settle any thing. If the jury acquitted him in the morning, and a rebellion should begin in the after noon, it would be put down as decisively and unconditionally as that of which Davis was the chief. The verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond can not snuff out the United States of America. A nation instinctively defends itself, and a league, or a confederacy, or a combination, or by whatever name you may describe a political community when it has become nationalized, will not be destroyed upon any constitutional or unconstitutional theory without a struggle for its life. And if Davis shall be adjudged to have committed treason within the plain intention of the Constitution, we ask again whether he will be hung, or suffer any penalty whatever? If he should be hung, upon what ground is Robert E. Lee to escape, or any of the equally active and conspicuous leaders of the rebellion? Do we propose to erect a line of gibbets, or is it that we wish to have a jury find Davis guilty of the most monstrous and inexcusable treason not that he may be punished, but that we may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is guilty?

To the question which is so pertinaciously urged, whether his offense is any less heinous because it is so enormous, we answer no; but because of its enormity and its character the method of dealing with it is necessarily different. Indeed, there is nothing that can be settled by this trial except the fact that a man in this country can be tried for treason. And that has been already established by the trial of Aaron Burr. The American people have determined by war that there shall be no secession, so that it is quite too late to argue whether or not it is a Constitutional right. Having determined that, they have necessarily settled that a citizen who attempts secession by force bears arms against the United States, and is guilty of treason. The Court may confirm these judgments, but it can not reverse them. Why, therefore, should it express itself upon the subject?

OUR GRAIN PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.

Last week we glanced hastily at the Grain Market and its fluctuations for the past six months. Some dealers and speculators have taken exception to our estimate of a large Southern surplus, and maintain that the crop of the present year is short; but information obtained from the most trustworthy sources has not induced us to change our opinion previously expressed. Personal interviews with well-informed persons from all parts of the South justify the conclusion that, with the exception of certain few localities, the crops throughout are excellent. In Louisiana, which never was a grain producing State, a very large area has been laid waste by floods. Also within a circuit three hundred miles in diameter, embracing eastern South Carolina and western North Carolina, there is a dearth. With these exceptions the South has produced enough and to spare. In Virginia, Texas, Tennessee, and Georgia, the crops have been superabundant; large quantities of wheat and flour of excellent quality have been received from those districts at prices remunerative to the seller. There is a surplus of corn in Mississippi and other States. In Alabama the standing ungathered crop has been offered at 45 cents per bushel, and in Texas as low as 35 cents. In New Orleans the market is bare and corn has ruled as high as $1 50, owing to prevalence of yellow-fever and a low stage of water in the river; but the market rates in New Orleans are no criterion for the rest of the country.

In many districts lack of facilities prevents the moving of grain, and causes prices to rule low. Large quantities are lost which would otherwise be thrown upon the market. This has always been the case. Even during the most trying period of the war the South managed to raise more than it needed for its own consumption. There can be no doubt that the South has this year all that it requires for its own wants. All that it has shipped to the North may be set down as surplus.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that we are now sending flour to the South, and that buyers from that section are in our market—as if that proved a short crop. The real aspect of the case is, that the South has been able to reap pecuniary advantage by being first in market. It sent forward its wheat and flour early, and sold it when prices were high; it is now purchasing inferior grades of flour at low figures, chiefly for negro consumption, most of which goes to Savannah. [It seems that the negroes, who used to be content with corn before the war, have since learned to appreciate the luxury of flour.] Georgia flour sells now in the New York market at $14 50, while the grades sent thither range from $8 50 @ $12 50. Not so much Southern flour is coming forward as formerly—necessarily, because the harvest is early and the bulk of shipments have already been made.

There is no doubt that the grain crop of the entire country is what dealers would call "short." The harvests of the North and West have not met the expectations formed early in the season. Last year the crop was much below an average one, and we had actually to import grain to meet the deficit. This year the crop is not an average, and yet it is estimated at full 40 per cent. above the last; that is, say, thirty million tons against twenty-two millions last year. The exports of grain from the port of New York alone since September 1 (which is the beginning of the cereal year) reach 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 190,000 of rye, 700,000 of corn, and 23,000 barrels of corn meal. These figures help to sustain our estimate of the crop as above given.

Hitherto we have been sending forward freely under the impetus of a large foreign demand. Although the receipts at this port have been as high as 249,000 bushels in a single day, the market has nevertheless been kept closely drained, and there is very little in store. While this foreign demand continued prices were firmly sustained, and were largely in advance of those of September 1, when prices softened under the reports of a harvest universally abundant. At the date last-named, flour ruled at $6 65 @ $14; on October 16 it was $9 35 @ $16 50, which was about the top of the market. On September 1 wheat was $2 25, and corn $1 22 @ 23 per bushel; on October 16 wheat $2 35 @ 40, and corn $1 43 @ 45. As soon as the shipments were made there was a reaction, and the price of flour fell off to $8 @ $16, of wheat to $2 35, and corn to $1 36, which are the prevailing rates now. Besides, the foreign market is becoming temporarily glutted. Our foreign customers are buying only what they need for their immediate wants. Although they require our grain, yet they can not take it at the prices at which it has been going. This helps the reaction. As soon as the shippers return, however, we may expect the market to stiffen again. They come and go in "schools," as sailors say, and their movements always have a marked influence upon prices. It is this foreign demand and the expectation of its continuance that sustains the present high prices. Without it, flour would doubtless decline fully $1 50 in ten days.

One element in our grain trade that has never been taken into account until the present year is the California production; and those who are estimating the harvest just closed do not seem to consider it even now. The Golden State is a new and exceedingly fruitful source of supply, and destined to occupy a relation of as great importance to us as India does to Great Britain in the staple of cotton. The shipments of wheat and flour from thence to Atlantic ports have already been very large this year, while the direct exportation of wheat to Europe has reached 2,000,000 bushels since September 1. We may, in some future evil day, have to look to California to keep starvation from our doors.

It is a singular coincidence that, while there was a scarcity of grain throughout the Continent of Europe in the years 1860-4, our crops were the most abundant that we ever had, notwithstanding the war greatly occupied the attention of husbandmen; since then we have had no market there, and short crops until this year, and now when we have a fair yield the crops abroad are again short. During the four years named we exported to the other side of the Atlantic no less than 9,000,000 barrels of flour, 1,500,000 bushels of rye, 105,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 39,000,000 bushels of corn. In estimating at this late the exports of the present year, we are assisted by knowledge of the fact that both the Southern and California stocks are now nearly exhausted. What is shipped hereafter will be taken chiefly from what the West has to spare. But Western grain is not coming forward freely, and it is believed that the stock in store here will be light this winter, and that prices will advance considerably from present quotations.

A "CONSERVATIVE" ARGUMENT.

The Democratic papers and orators vehemently denounce the ignorance of the new Southern voters. The *World*, especially, has a great deal to say about "barbarism," and so forth. But, if it be dangerous to allow ignorance to vote, is it safe to encourage drunkenness? Just before the late election in New York the *World* quoted an earnest appeal to temperance men from a Republican paper to support the Republican ticket; and added, that the paper might have strengthened its appeal by stating the fact that General James B. M'Kean, at the head of the Republican ticket, was a Worthy Grand Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

The statement was untrue; but what was the object of the *World?* It was to rally the "Conservative" grog-shops against the Republican nomination. It was to stigmatize a candidate in the Democratic mind by proclaiming him—not a prohibitionist—but "a temperance man." It was an appeal, harmonious with the whole Democratic policy, to the meanest prejudices of the most worthless class of the population. Was General M'Kean likely to be a worse officer because he was a temperance man? How the cheek of an honest man must tingle when knowledge of what will persuade his party compels him to say as an argument against a candidate that he is a friend of temperance, and consequently of public order and of low taxes!

SOME OF THE ARTISTS.

We have before reminded our friends who live out of the city that there is no pleasanter recreation when they are here than the studios of the artists. They are gregarious, like birds. They cluster together in pleasant places, and the studios are so tranquil and so tapestried with delightful sketches and pictures that no resort is more refreshing. Just now many of the artists congregate in the upper part of Broadway. From Madison Square upward they are to be found at almost every corner, and especially in the block between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets there is a suit of studios occupied by Kensett, Baker, and Lang, which are delightful. To these rooms the closing autumn brings the occupants. Mr. Kensett, who has been in Paris to see the famous gallery of the great Exhibition, is upon his homeward way; and his friend Mr. Lang, who has the next studio, has reopened in it his Art Institute for Young Ladies. Mr. Lang is a most competent teacher and most courteous gentleman, and his rooms are so accessible and so pleasant that any young lady who wishes to pursue her art studies in painting, drawing, and modeling, and in the most cheerful and agreeable retirement, will naturally go to Mr. Lang. In the Studio Building in Tenth Street, between the Fifth and Sixth avenues, there is an exhibition of some of the works of one of the true American masters, William Page, to which we especially commend our friends and readers. The sincerity of his genius, the fervor of his devotion, and his remarkable skill, are fully illustrated in these pictures. Later in the season there will be the Winter Exhibition of the Academy and that of the Artists' Fund Society. Let us hope, too, that the Water Color Society may show what it has been doing.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Attention has been frequently called in this journal to the marvels of engineering skill accomplished in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. No road of its length and magnitude was ever before contemplated, much less attempted; and no such work was ever before prosecuted by the most energetic of men or races, under such adverse circumstances as a war with the barbarous tribes whose country the road traverses, and the present high and unexampled cost of all necessary building materials. Few roads were ever built in a country of greater natural difficulties, for it crosses the two highest ranges of mountains in the country. And yet, in spite of these natural, social, and financial obstacles five hundred miles of the road have been completed in an incredibly short period of time, at once astonishing the scientific and laboring world.

But this very material revolution thus accomplished in the construction of the Pacific Railroad is insignificant compared to that commercial revolution which is to follow, of necessity, its completion. When the line stretches unbroken from Omaha to Sacramento, it will affect, not merely the rapid settlement of our vast Western States and Territories; it will not merely influence the tide of German and Irish emigration, swelling it, and facilitating that transfer of energy, industry, and genius from the East to the West which has been going on for scores and scores of centuries; it will not merely affect the cultivation of the wide prairie lands of the West, where corn and wheat grow almost without care, and countless cattle can be grazed and reared without cost; it will not merely develop fully the riches of the vast mining regions of the great mountains, bringing the most extensive mining field of the richest and purest of all the metals in the world within the grasp of the capitalist, the reach of the laborer, the centre of civilization; but it is to affect the trade of all the world, and to pour into the lap of this metropolis and this country the riches and labor of the Old World as well as the New. Ten thousand emigrants from China delve in the tunnels of the road through the Sierra Nevada, and fifty thousand from Germany and Ireland have followed it across the Plains. It will in the same way attract hither the capital of the East, and will make America not merely the short route from Asia to Europe, but the stopping-point, the mart for both Europe and Asia, and Americans will be the merchantmen of the world. It will not merely shorten by many hours the various routes for travelers from India and China to Europe, but it will make this country the terminus for the various freight routes of the world, and the Exchange Place for the Universe. Europe will, when this road is completed, come to New York, and San Francisco, and St. Louis, and Chicago, not only for our own corn and wheat as heretofore, but for the teas and silks of China, India, and Japan, which these material advantages will place under the control of our capital.

The road is to be finished in two years. Five hundred miles of the route across the Plains were finished last month; the mountain line across the Sierra Nevada was finished the month before, and the line across the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Valley, 419 miles, alone remain to be constructed. This great progress in the work ought to be sufficient inducement to capitalists of the country to invest in the bonds of the Company which are now on the market; but, as if it were not, the treasurer, Hon. John J. Cisco, has lately put forward a statement of the financial condition of the Company of the most interesting and encouraging character. From this statement it appears that to meet the estimated cost of the road—$83,445,012—the Company already has in government bonds and land grants, paid in capital, etc., over $85,000,000, or about $2,000,000 more than the estimated cost. The bonds are in the market, and are being largely invested in, and there is little doubt that the present Company will finish the road in the time promised; but if it does not, the Government, which authorizes and charters the line, must complete it, for the work is now one of such national importance that the people insist upon its vigorous prosecution as positively as they insisted on the prosecution of the late war. It is really necessary to the material reconstruction of the Union, and will add equally to its strength, vigor, vitality, and wealth.

The bonds now thrown on the market are the Company's First Mortgage bonds. The Company is authorized by Congress to issue its First Mortgage bonds in the same amounts as are issued by the Government on the various sections of the road as they are completed, viz.:

On the first 517 miles at $16,000 per mile	$8,272,000
On Rocky Mountain region, 150 miles, at $48,000 per mile	7,200,000
On 433 additional miles at $32,000 per mile	13,856,000
Total for 1100 miles	$29,328,000

These bonds have thirty years to run from last July, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum *in gold*, payable on the first days of January and July in the city of New York. As they are coupon bonds, the semi-annual coupons will be cashed by any bank or banker throughout the country. Congress has taken more especial care that the interests of the bond-holders of this road shall be secured than has ever been shown toward a similar enterprise. The mortgage is made to Hon. E. D. Morgan, United States Senator from New York, and Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of United States House of Representatives from Massachusetts, who alone can deliver the bonds to the Company, and who are responsible for their delivery in strict accordance with the terms of the law. To give every facility for the negotiation of the First Mortgage bonds now issued, the Government makes its own bonds issued to the Company a second lien upon the road, with the understanding that the interest, and a part, if not all the principal, may be paid by services rendered at a future day. We may say without danger of contradiction that no bonds issued by any other Company in this country, or, so far as we know, in the world, are made so secure by a responsible government as the First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another feature of the impeachment schemes of Congress has been discovered by "several prominent Southerners." It is no less than a general outbreak of the colored people of the South about the time of the proposed trial. These gentlemen say the negroes are all well armed, while the whites are without means of defense; and the President is urged to increase the military force at the South. Possibly they desire that the State militia should be called out.

Two hundred and eight thousand four hundred and twenty-eight emigrants arrived at this port during the year ending October 31.

Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. John, the three principal islands of the Danish West Indies, have, by treaty with Denmark, been purchased by the United States as coaling and shipping stations.

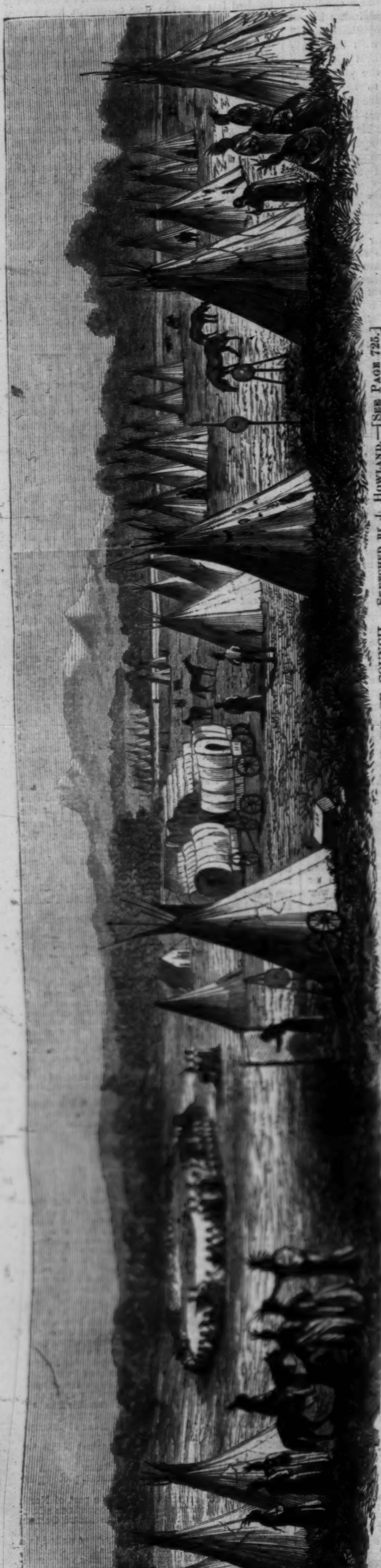
FOREIGN NEWS.

The French fleet reached Civita Vecchia and the troops disembarked and marched to Rome in time to occupy it before the anticipated assault of Garibaldi. About the same time (October 29) the Italian army crossed the frontier and marched toward Rome. Thereupon Garibaldi abandoned the siege of the city and retreated to Monte Rotondo, where he intrenched a camp in a strong position, refusing to disband his army or abandon his enterprise against Rome unless the national will is obeyed and Rome occupied by the Italian troops as the capital of the kingdom. In this position he was attacked on November 4 by the Papal troops, supported by the French forces, and defeated. He fell back toward the Italian frontier, and finally surrendered to the Italian army, which had crossed the Papal frontier as a corps of observation. The Emperor Napoleon made a proposition to the King of Italy to submit to the citizens of Rome and the inhabitants of the Papal provinces the settlement of the Roman question by a popular vote; and a vote, or *plebescitum*, was had on November 3 in the Papal provinces on the question of annexation to Italy. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of annexation.

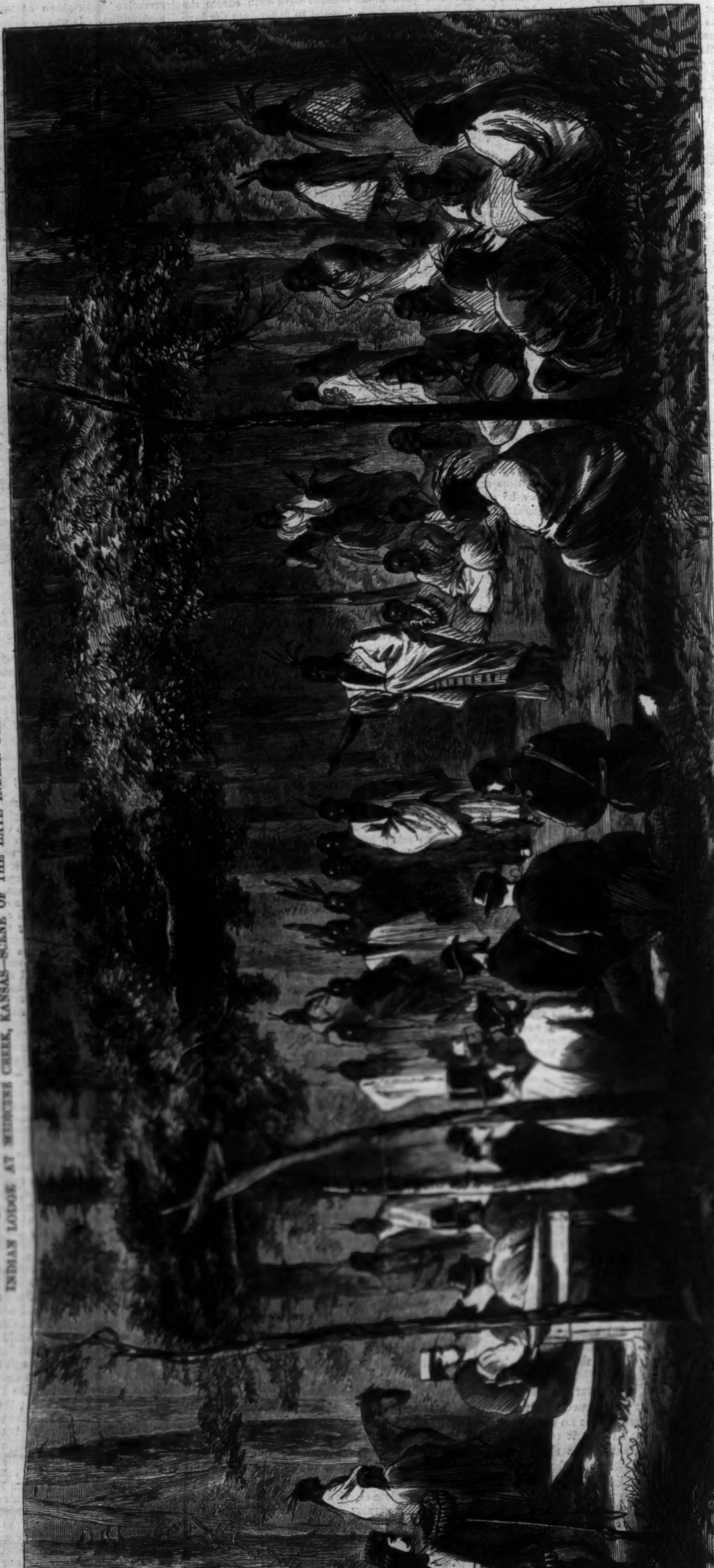
St. Domingo has declared war against Hayti for complicity in the plottings of Baez. President Cabral was on the Haytien frontier on October 29 with an army of 4000 men. Baez was at Caracas, plotting for a return to St. Domingo.

Bavaria and Wurtemburg are now a part of North Germany, and their representatives have been admitted to the Parliament of the "reconstructed German Empire."

Russia, France, Prussia, and Italy have united in a note to the Sultan of Turkey on the Cretan question, in which, after rehearsing the diplomatic representations which have from time to time been made to the Sublime Porte by the European Powers, jointly or singly, in favor of granting the demands of the Cretans, and for a general amelioration of the condition of the Christians in the Ottoman empire, all of which seem to have failed to make any impression, it is announced that the Great Powers will hold the Sultan amenable for rejecting their advice, and responsible for whatever consequences may follow.



INDIAN LODGE AT MEDICINE CREEK, KANSAS—SCENE OF THE LATE INDIAN PEACE COUNCIL.—Sketched by J. Howland.—[See Page 725.]



COUNCIL AT MEDICINE CREEK LODGE WITH THE KIOWA AND COMANCHE INDIANS.—Sketched by J. Howland.—[See Page 725.]

THE INDIAN PEACE TREATY.

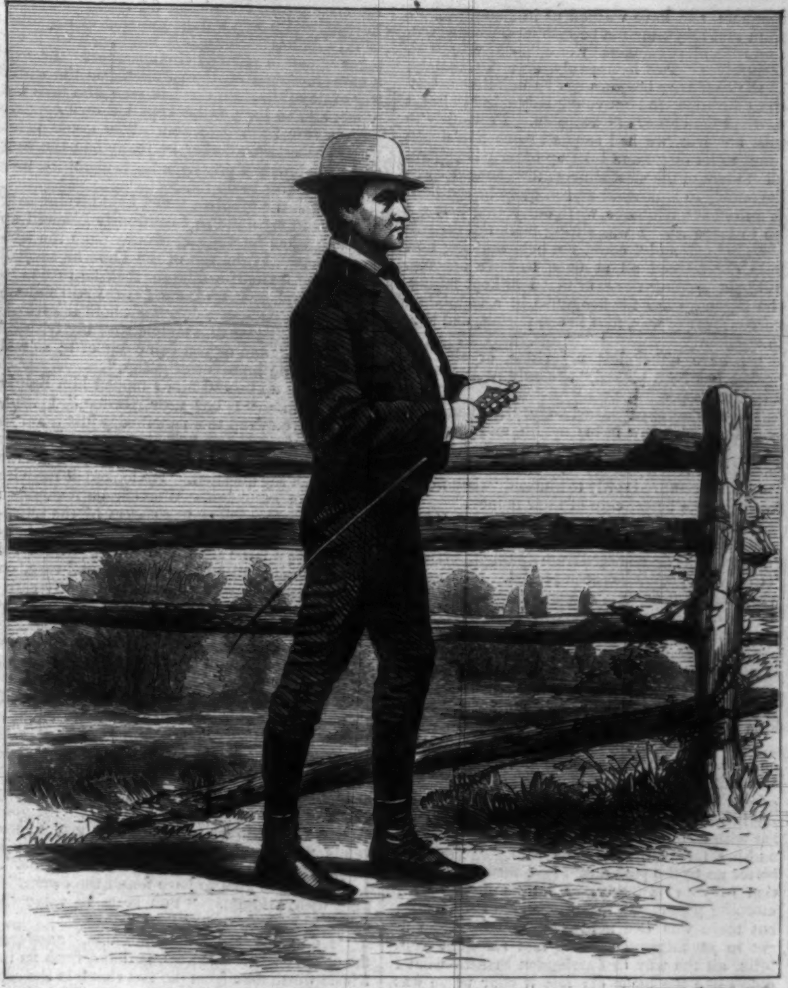
A peace which might have been as readily arranged two years ago as at present was made with four of the tribes of Indians of the Plains in October at an Indian camp on Medicine Lodge Creek, Kansas. By its terms the location of the reservations of the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, and Cheyennes are changed and enlarged. The tribes are to remove farther south—that is, away from the line of the Kansas branch of the Pacific Railroad, and are not to disturb the laborers on that route.

Our two large illustrations on page 724 give the scene of the treaty and the council which concluded it. The full terms of the treaty give to each Indian on the reservation annually a suit of clothes, consisting of coat, pantaloons, hat, and socks, and, in addition to this, $35,000 annually, in such articles as the Indians most need, is to be given to the several tribes. Several other provisions are made to furnish seeds and agricultural implements to such Indians as may commence farming. The Indians agree to let all the railroads be built, and especially the Smoky Hill and Platte roads. They also agree to keep lasting peace; to capture no women or children; to attack no more trains, and to cease killing men; and it is also agreed to allow them to hunt on the old reservation, south of Arkansas, until the settlements drive them away from that hunting-ground.

THE PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

Edward P. Weston, a young pedestrian of New England, has undertaken on a wager of $10,000 to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1237½ miles in twenty-six days, the second one hundred miles, from Dedham, Massachusetts, to Washington, Rhode Island, to be made in twenty-four hours. He left Portland at noon on October 29, and reached Saco at 3.25 p.m., 35 minutes ahead of time. One hour later he left Saco, reaching North Berwick at midnight, having missed the road twice and walked three miles out of his way. On October 30 he passed through eight towns, reaching Salem betimes. On October 31 Weston walked from Salem to North Attleborough. At 12.41, on November 1, he was at Dedham, Massachusetts, beginning the 100-mile feat, passing through Providence at 8.45 p.m. on the same day. The crowd was so great the police had to open a passage for him through the streets. He stopped at the City Hotel 15 minutes, and then proceeded. In response to the cheers of the crowd, he said he had walked 32 of the 100 miles to be done in 24 hours, and was 18 minutes ahead of time. He was in excellent spirits. The 100-mile feat was not accomplished on the first effort owing to injuries received by Weston from the crowd in Pawtucket. On November 3 he was at Plainfield, Connecticut, in good spirits and in attendance at church.

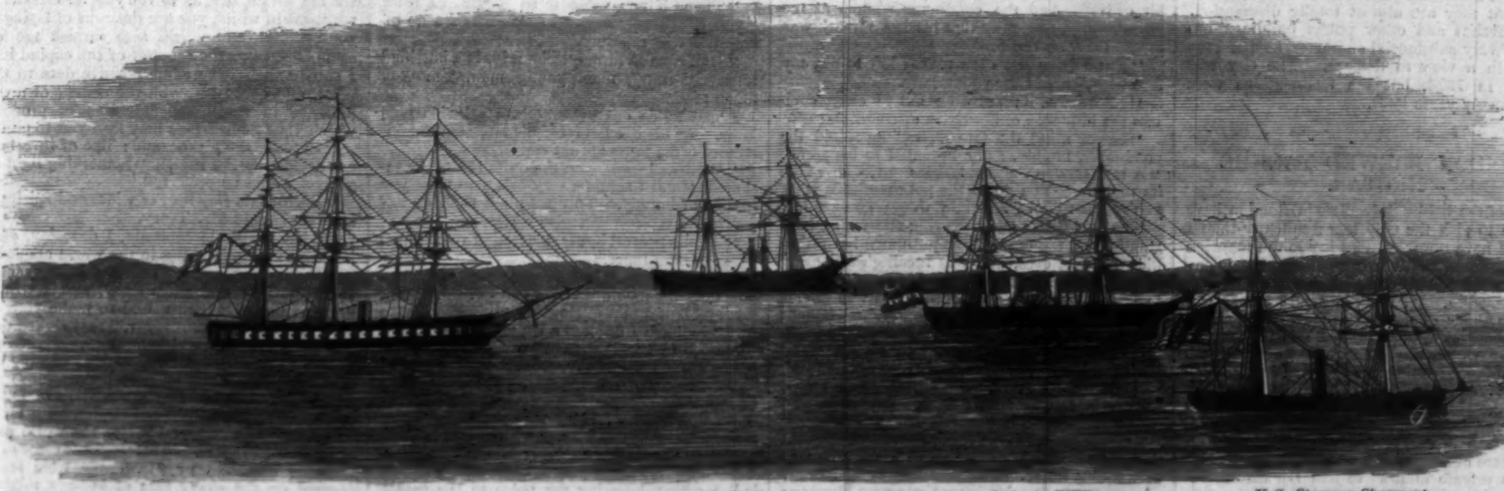
The pedestrian is accompanied by six men in carriages, who see that all is fairly done. Relays of horses are provided at certain specified points, in order that there shall be no delay. Weston is a fine looking young man, about 27 years of age, 5 feet 7½ inches in height, is well-built, and weighs 125 pounds. His walking-dress consists of a jacket, tight-fitting black pantaloons, stout brogans with red tops, a round-top light silk hat, and buff gloves. He also carries a light walking-stick. Weston is a canvasser by occupation, and takes with him on his trip 30,000 copies of his little paper, *The Time Table*, for distribution. When he started up Federal Street, Portland, he was enthusiastically cheered, and all along the route he has received the most hearty encouragement.



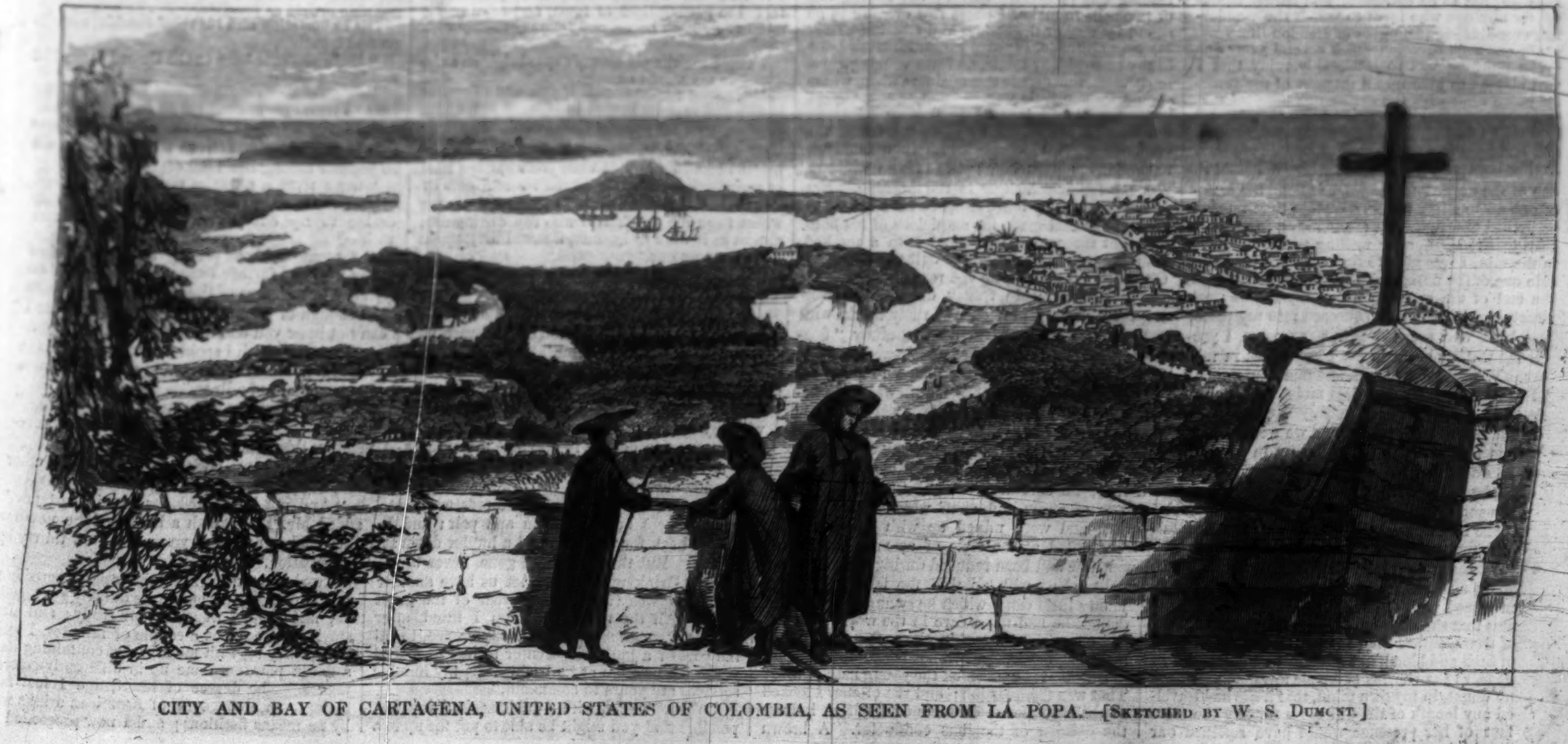
EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—[Phot. by C. D. Fredricks & Co., 587 Broadway.]

THE COLOMBIA REVOLUTION.

The grant to an American company of the Panama Railroad for the next ninety-nine years was the first circumstance of the late revolution in the united states of Colombia, South America, which indicated that the government of that country was not enlisted entirely in English interests. Later developments and the revelations of correspondence captured with General Mosquera, late President of the Republic of Colombia, indicate clearly that there was no secret treaty between England and Colombia as was thought in this country a year or more ago; but that a secret treaty existed between Colombia and the South American States, at war with Spain—Peru, Chili, and Bolivia—by which Colombia became a special or secret partner, as it were, in that war, and by which the Government, or rather Mosquera, engaged to purchase a number of iron-clads and privateers for the use of the allies for a descent upon Cuba. The only vessel that Mosquera did actually purchase was the steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, obtained in this port and owned by American capitalists. The terms of this secret treaty were very curious. All the


Gerano.
R. R. Cuyler.
Antonio D'Ulloa.
U.S Steamer Shawmut.

SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR WATCHING THE PERUVIAN PRIVATEER "R. R. CUYLER."—[Sketched by W. S. Dumont.]



CITY AND BAY OF CARTAGENA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA, AS SEEN FROM LA POPA.—[Sketched by W. S. Dumont.]

advantages were in favor of the allies; to all appearance Colombia derived no advantage from this treaty. And, in truth, Colombia did not; the treaty was dictated by the selfish aims and ambitious schemes of MOSQUERA. His purpose was to obtain by the use of the money of the allies the temporary command of a number of war vessels in the chief ports of the Republic, and by and through the power thus obtained declare and maintain himself as Dictator of Colombia. By the publication of this treaty the scheme of MOSQUERA was defeated; he was arrested and thrown into prison by General ACOSTA, and the *R. R. Cuyler*, the only vessel which had been purchased for the allies and turned over to MOSQUERA, was blockaded by the Spanish fleet.

Our illustrations on page 725 are of the blockade, and a view of the city and bay of Cartagena, as seen from La Popa, the convent which commands it. The *Rayo*, as the *R. R. Cuyler* is now called, is watched by the Spanish men-of-war the *Gerano*, 50 guns, and the *Antonio D'Ulloa*, 6 guns. The *Gerano* has the *Rayo's* steam-valves on board. The authorities at Cartagena consider the *Rayo* as Peruvian property, and intend to send her to New York; the Spanish commander, however, threatens to take possession of her if she leaves the place; and has even said that he thinks he ought to take her at once where she lies. The Spaniards claim to be in their own waters there, as the independence of the province has never been acknowledged by the Government of Spain.

The bay of Cartagena is the finest and most commodious port on the north coast of the united states of Colombia; it is of sufficient capacity to harbor a very numerous fleet, and has a depth of water enabling the largest vessels to anchor there in perfect security. It is formed by the main land on the east, Tierra Island on the west, and Barú Island on the south. The eastern extremity of Tierra Bomba stretches so far across as to divide the bay into two great basins. There were formerly two entrances to the port, Boca Grande and Boca Chica. The first was closed up when the town was fortified by a sea-wall of one mile in length, formed of limestone blocks of one-half to one ton in weight. Now all vessels have to enter through Boca Chica, and pass between two forts erected there, capable of mounting sixty guns. The city of Cartagena, which is the capital of the province, and has about 10,000 inhabitants, is situated at the north end of the bay, on a low point about two miles in length, and is inclosed by walls and fortifications of the most solid description, capable of mounting nearly three hundred guns; at present they are almost totally dismantled. The churches and other public buildings are also of a very substantial character, having been built with a view to defense. The city was founded in 1525, but the fortifications were erected many years later.

LONDON BREWED YANKEE NECTAR.

FEW of the habitual dwellers in London have occasion to visit the City less frequently than I have. I have never set foot inside the mansion of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in my life. To me the Stock Exchange is a complete *terra incognita*. Of the thousand-and-one different methods of coining money, as practiced by merchants, bankers, brokers, and that countless army which flocks City-ward every week-day morning from nine till eleven, I know absolutely nothing. Neither, to the best of my belief, has the Money Article of the *Times* ever been read by me from beginning to end. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has so happened that, on certain rare occasions, I have been compelled by "urgent private affairs" to join the throng of City bees for a few hours, and wing my way eastward with the swarm. At such times I have generally chosen to survey mankind from the box-seat of an omnibus, as from a "coign of vantage" not to be surpassed, and hardly equaled, for any one who loves to watch the wonderful, ever-shifting panorama of London life.

On one such occasion—now several years ago—the morning was so intolerably rainy that I was obliged to give up all thought of my favorite perch aloft with the driver and content myself with the humbler position of an inside. At that time I was only three-and-twenty years old, and had been in London about a couple of years, having been sent up from my far-off home, in one of the northern counties, to attend the classes of, and to study under, a certain then famous analytical chemist. On the morning to which I have just referred, after waiting twenty minutes in the rain, I was glad to find a vacant place inside one of the numerous City 'buses that passed the end of the street in which my rooms were situated. After having squeezed into my place, and been well scowled at for my pains, I proceeded to take stock of my companions in misery. We were eleven men and one woman. All of us men were more or less moist, and each of us had a very damp umbrella. We had all put on our severe business air, and we were all more or less suspicious of the company in which we found ourselves; and—in consequence, perhaps, of the badness of the weather—we were all more than usually inclined to bully the conductor, and to poke [illegible] of our umbrellas.

But the twelfth inside? Well, she was a lady, young and nice-looking into the bargain; and enveloped with the prettiest air of unconsciousness that she was in the company of eleven blocks of wood, rather than in that of as many beings of flesh and blood, not quite unsusceptible, let us hope, to the charms of female loveliness. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that if she had traveled any length of time in our company the mere fact of her presence would have softened our manners, and have weaned us in some measure from that touch-me-not boorishness, with which, as a rule, all passengers by omnibus love to cloak themselves. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, journeys by omnibus are of short duration, and our young lady asked to be set down at the corner of Cheapside. Previously to this, however, we had stopped some half-dozen times to let down and take up other passengers, all of them of the masculine gender, so that I was beginning to look upon myself quite in the light of an old acquaintance, when our young lady got up to leave us. I was sitting next the door as she alighted, and I could not help noticing how pale she seemed all at once to have become. Without heeding the rain that still kept falling, she began to feel for her purse in a trembling, nervous sort of way, first in one pocket, and then in another.

"I have either lost my purse, or else my pocket has been picked," she said at last, with a sort of gasp.

The conductor expressed no surprise, but merely put a fresh straw in his mouth, and then asked us "gents" to move while he looked for the purse, "which, if young ladies was 'bus conductors," he murmured softly to himself, "they would learn to take better care of their money."

But the purse was not to be found. "If it really ain't any where about you, Miss," said the conductor, as he emerged from among the straw, "then your pocket has been picked. How much was there in it?"

"Half-a-sovereign and five-and-sixpence in silver," answered the young lady, with tears trembling on her eyelids. "But that was not all. It also contained a valuable diamond ring, the property of the lady with whom I am living, and which I was taking to a jeweler's not far from here to be repaired."

The conductor turned an eye of compassion on her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered; "to think of any body in their senses being so green!" Then turning quickly on the remaining insides, he scanned us over one by one, ending with a solemn shake of the head. "Can do nothing for you, Miss," he said. "You had better go to the police, and give them a description of your property. I knows most of my morning passengers for respectable City gents; but there was one fishy-looking cove—him as got in at Edgeware Road, and sat next you, Miss, all the way to Farringdon Street—what I didn't like the looks of; and if your purse was taken by any body after you got into the 'bus I'll lay odds that was the cove as took it. And wasn't he a downy-looking card! Oh no, not a bit of it!" And the conductor winked at me portentously, to signify that his last remark was meant for "sarkasum."

"But I have not even money left to pay my fare with," urged the young lady.

Half-a-dozen purses were out at once, such was the influence of beauty in distress.

"Never mind the fare, Miss," answered the conductor, affably, as he mounted to his perch. "A tanner won't either break the Co. or make its fortune. You go to the police—that's what you've got to do. All right, Joey; go ahead."

The 'bus drove away, leaving the young lady standing on the curb. She put down her fall to hide her wet eyes, and was turning sadly away when our conductor leaped nimbly down, ran back to her, said a few words, and was on his perch again in less than two minutes. "Thought it best to give the pore young creetur my number," he remarked confidentially to me, "and the address of our secretary, in case of any think turning up. But that ain't likely, you know, Sir. Ah, it was that fishy-looking cove, you may depend upon it."

I was detained in the City till five o'clock. At that hour I set off westward, with the intention of walking home. The rain had ceased hours ago, and a fresh crisp breeze was now blowing; over the murky City roofs the moon was rising in an unclouded sky, and all the shops were ablaze with light. My rooms were in a street leading out of Oxford Street; but having one or two calls to make, I chose this evening to go round by way of the Strand and Charing Cross. My calls all made, I turned up St. Martin's Lane as my nearest way home, and was walking carelessly along that classic thoroughfare when, whom should I see a little way in front of me, staring intently into the window of a jeweler's shop, but the "fishy-looking cove" of my friend the conductor! I recognized him in a moment, having taken particular notice of him while he was my fellow-passenger in the morning. Not that there was any thing either in his appearance or manners that made me suspicious of his honesty, but rather that he offered such a marked contrast to the respectable, well-to-do-looking City men who made up the rest of the passengers. He was a thin, frouzy, disreputable-looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a hat and boots that had been carefully "doctored," and might still do some fair-weather service, but which were ill-calculated to stand the brunt of a rainy day. His mouth was that of an habitual dram-drinker. His eyes were weak and watery; and his high-ridged aquiline nose had an inflamed look about it suggestive of many a deep potation. His chin had evidently not felt a razor for several days; and the minute fragments of straw and chaff which clung to his glass, and were mixed up with his unkempt hair, hinted at [illegible] accommodation to which he had been reduced during the preceding night. Yet, with all this, the fellow carried a jaunty little cane, which he swung to and fro as though he had not a care in the world; and he had on a pair of dog-skin gloves that would have looked stylish if they had not been quite so dirty.

But was it he who took the young lady's purse? That was the question; and the oftener I looked at the man the more inclined I felt to indorse the opinion of the 'bus conductor. A brown morocco purse, containing fifteen-and-sixpence in cash, and a lady's diamond ring of the value of fifty guineas—not a bad morning's work for a gentleman in reduced circumstances. In such a case, however, all the surmising in the world was of no avail. No one had seen him take the purse, and so long as he kept his own counsel he was safe from detection. The grand point was to ascertain whether he really had the ring or a pawnbroker's duplicate for it about his person. But how to do this?

This was the problem that I kept turning over and over in my mind as I cautiously followed up my man when he went on his way from the jeweler's shop. At the top of the Lane he seemed to hesitate for half a minute, then he turned to the right and went up Long Acre, I still following cautiously about a dozen yards in the rear.

"I will put you to a simple test, my friend," thought I; "and as you come out of it, so will I adjudge you innocent or guilty."

Hurrying up behind him I tapped him lightly on the arm. "I beg your pardon," I said, "but did you drop this pencil-case just now?"

He started as I touched him, and seemed for a few seconds as if he could not take in the meaning of my question. He looked at me with eyes full of suspicion. Whether he recognized me as one of his fellow-passengers by the morning's 'bus I could not determine. We had halted opposite a large shop, and the light from the window shone full on my silver pencil-case, on which, at length, when he was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny of my face, his glance fastened greedily.

"Picked it up, did you say?" he asked, as he began to fumble with thumb and finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"Just behind you," I answered. "But if it's not yours I sha'n't bother any more about it but pocket it myself."

"But it is mine," he put in, eagerly. "How stupid of me to lose it!" I put the pencil-case in his hands without hesitation. "I am really much obliged to you," he went on, "for your kindness in returning it. As you grow older, young gentleman, you will find that honesty is the exception in this world, and not the rule."

"Well, I'm glad to have found the owner," I said, with a laugh. "You seem to value the case?"

"I do value it, young gentleman," answered the old hypocrite. "Less, perhaps, from its intrinsic worth than from the fact that it is the sole relic now left me of a very dear friend. Friendship ever let us cherish. A truly noble sentiment!"

"Then, if you value it so highly," I said, "you can hardly object to stand half a go of brandy for its recovery."

"Half a go of brandy!" he said, in a horrified tone. "Young man, young man, I'm very much afraid—"

I had taken out my watch, a valuable gold lever. As his eye fell on it his intended remonstrance came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Well—ah—yes, you are quite right," he resumed, "and I shall be very happy to treat you to a go of brandy. To what place shall we adjourn?"

"To the nearest house, please. I want to get home to my dinner."

So we went into the nearest tavern, where my new acquaintance ordered a glass of brandy for me, and half a pint of stout for himself. Not to be behindhand I ordered a couple of cigars.

"Been in London long?" asked my companion as I was lighting my weed.

"No—only a few months. Fresh from the country."

"At the risk of being thought impertinent, may I just inquire to what particular line of business your talents are devoted?"

"To no line at all just at present. The fact is," I added, lowering my voice to the proper confidential tone, "I had a little money left me about a year ago, and I am up in London looking out for a sound business investment. But I've met with nothing to my liking so far: in fact, I'm getting tired of town, and have half a mind to go back home, and take my money with me."

I could see the old scamp's eyes brighten as he drank in my words eagerly.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so," he began, in blandly persuasive accents, "let me counsel you to do nothing rashly. There are thousands of excellent investments in London. But what *you* want is a man at your back who knows all the ins and outs of this great city; who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff; and who can distinguish, almost as it were by instinct, a sound investment from a rotten one."

"All very fine. But where is a greenhorn like me to find such a man?"

The gesture with which my scampish friend bowed to me, and laid his hand on his heart, had in it a touch of the sublime. "It is not for a modest man like me to vaunt himself or his qualifications, but I—*moi qui vous parle*—have lived in London all my life, and I have not lived with my eyes shut. Although I am, just now—why attempt to deny it?—in some measure under a cloud, my fortunes, I am proud to say, have not always been at their present low ebb. My wife—she is dead now, poor creature!—at one time kept her brougham and pair; and I had my hack for the park, and a hunter down at Melton. But those [illegible] return. (Drink up, Sir, and let us have another glass.) I was ruined in the year of the great panic. All the more, then, am I fitted, after passing through such a bitter experience, to fill the part of a judicious Mentor to inexperienced youth with capital at its back. Sir, my humble services are yours to command."

"Well," I said, with a dubious air, "it is just possible that you might be able to [illegible] useful wrinkle or two. But in any case this is not the spot to discuss such matters. Come and have a bit of dinner with me at my rooms, and we can talk things over afterward with the assistance of a pipe and a tumbler."

"A bit of dinner, a pipe, and a tumbler! Ha, ha! I will attend you, my young friend, with the utmost satisfaction."

I hailed the first cab I could find, and we rattled off to my lodgings. No conversation took place while we were going over the stones; but in imagination I saw before me a certain sweet, tearful face, and I felt more determined than ever to go through with the scheme, wild and preposterous as it might have seemed at another time, which had flashed suddenly across my brain while I was following the rascal by my side up St. Martin's Lane.

Having instructed my landlady to put down another cutlet, and to send out for one or two extras, we ascended to my rooms.

"In the hope, my dear Sir, that our friendship will be a long and flourishing one," said my unwelcome guest, "allow me, as a needful preliminary, to present you with my card."

He handed me, as he spoke, a very limp and rather dirty piece of pasteboard, which he had had some difficulty in finding among his multifarious pockets, and on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. Reginald Tracy." Of course I could do no less than return the compliment.

Dinner was served a few minutes later; and while it was in progress the conversation between Mr. Tracy and myself was of the most intermittent character. I gathered enough, however, to enable me to discover that he was a man of some education, and must at one time have mixed in superior society. By the exercise of what knavish arts he had contrived to forfeit the position he once held I could not, of course, tell; therein, no doubt, lay hidden the great secret of his life. Poor wretch! it was easy to see, from the style in which he got through his food, that a plentiful and wholesome meal was what he had not partaken of for some time. At length he lay back in his chair in a state of happy repletion. "Not another morsel, my dear boy!" he said, with a benignant smile. "Positively, I could not. Let good digestion wait on appetite—you know the rest. A bountiful meal! But Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! And now for the pipe and the tumbler. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten."

As soon as we were fairly under way with our first tumbler Mr. Tracy broke ground on the subject that was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. "If, Sir," he said, "you would favor me with a hint as to the special class of investment in which you are desirous of laying out your capital, and would also furnish me with some idea as to the amount of the capital itself, I should then have some positive data to work upon, and could give you the benefit of my experience in that particular line of procedure which your inclinations may lead you to prefer."

"Capital, three thousand; line of investment not decided on," I said. "Something light and genteel would be preferred."

"Such as an importer of wines and spirits, for instance?" said Mr. Tracy.

"That would do capitally, I dare say, only I happen to know nothing in the world about it."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear Sir, that you should. Only find the money, and I will engage to find the brains, and to make your fortune into the bargain." Mr. Tracy sighed deeply, took a long pull at his tumbler, and then proceeded to enlighten my ignorance as to the various methods by which extraordinary profits might be realized, without the slightest risk of failure, by any one who, combining capital with brains, might choose to appear before the world as an importer of wines and spirits. That some of the methods indicated by Mr. Tracy were several degrees on the shady side of honesty might at once have been predicated from the character of the man; but he certainly had a very neat way of wrapping up and labeling his "tricks of trade" so as to make them look as much like a genuine article as possible.

His exhortation and his third tumbler came to an end together.

"Have you ever been in the United States?" I suddenly asked.

"Never, Sir. As a patriotic Englishman my love of travel never took me so far from home."

"Then you never tasted any of those delicious drinks which, under various strange names, are so popular among the Yankees?"

"Once more a negative must be my answer.—But, my dear young friend, if you will only decide to lay out your capital in accordance with—"

"A moment, if you please," I said. "Before going into any further business details, what do you say to a change of tipple? I think we have had enough of this stuff. Let me try whether I can not brew you one of those delightful American drinks of which I spoke just now. I had the recipes for several of them from an uncle of mine who is captain of a liner."

"Just as you like, *cher ami*—just as you like," he said; "though I don't think much improvement on this delicious toddy is possible."

"We can come back to it again, if the other does not prove to our liking," I said.

"And not be flouted for our inconstancy," added Mr. Tracy, with a laugh. "So now for this Yankee nectar of yours. I grow thirsty by anticipation."

Two large [illegible] required for my purpose were quickly got together; last of all, I went into my study; and after staying there about a couple of minutes, I went back, carrying with me a packet containing half a dozen powders done up in differently-colored papers. The degree of knowledge I had laid claim to as a concocter of American drinks was mix one after the most approved fashion, and ended by opening one of the colored papers and pouring the contents of it into the tumbler, and then offered the whole to Tracy.

But the putting in of the powder had evidently roused his suspicions, and with a polite wave of the hand he refused the proffered tumbler. "After you, my dear Sir," he said. "I must really insist on your imbibing the first tumbler yourself. The second one will do excellently well for me."

"As you please," I said, with a shrug. With that I proceeded to drain the first tumbler, expressing by pantomime, as I did so, my appreciation of its excellence. After this I mixed a second tumbler, into which, as before, I poured the contents of one of the colored papers, and then handed the whole to Tracy. His lips having once touched the glass, stuck there till it was empty.

He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction as he put down the glass. "Ambrosia, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The man who invented that tipple ought to be immortalized by a statue of the whitest marble. I have no wish to be thought presumptuous, but I can not resist asking you to mix me one more potation."

"One? half a dozen, if you like," I replied, "and all of them different. Unless your taste differs very much from mine, you will find No. 2 an improvement on No. 1."

He refilled his pipe while I was mixing the second tumbler, but still kept a watchful eye on my proceedings, not that he was any longer suspicious of my good faith, but because he was desirous of taking a lesson in the art of concocting such delicious drinks. When all the other ingredients were properly combined I opened one of the packets, as before, and shook the contents into the tumbler; and then having well stirred the whole, I handed the glass to Tracy. But the powder, in this case, possessed properties very different from that of the innocent alkali of which I had made use previously.

As before, Tracy's lips seemed glued to the tumbler till he had drained the contents to the last drop.

"How does that suit your taste?" I said. "Is it equal to the first?"

"Such a question is hard to answer," he replied. "The beauties of both are so evenly balanced that Bacchus himself would find it difficult to decide between the two. I have to thank you, my dear young friend, for having opened up a new vista of pleasure undreamed of by me before."

"I must give you one or two of my recipes, and then you can mix for yourself. One more tumbler, and then to business."

Even while I was speaking the pipe dropped from his lips, and his eyes began to wander. Slowly and deliberately, I proceeded with my preparations for another tumbler. Tracy, after glancing down reproachfully at his pipe, took no further heed of it, but planting both his elbows firmly on the table, and taking fast hold of his head between his hands, he tried his utmost to bring his weak, wavering gaze to bear on my manipulating fingers. But the effort was too much for him. His eyes closed, opened, closed again; and then, with a few incoherent words of apology, his head drooped forward on the table; his nerveless arms lost all powers of tension; and in twenty seconds he was faster asleep than he had ever been in his life before.

It was to this end that all my efforts had been directed. The powder put by me into his second tumbler was a powerful Indian narcotic, which I had latterly had occasion to use in some of my chemical experiments. Although successful so far, it was not without a more unequal beating of the heart than usual that I proceeded to carry out the remainder of my design. However honest one's intentions may be, there is something nefarious in the act of feeling a man's pockets—something that goes utterly against the grain; yet that was precisely what I had now got to do. Before proceeding any further, however, I thought it advisable to have a third person by me to act as a witness of what might follow. So I went down stairs to my landlady's room, with the intention of getting either the worthy dame herself or her husband to act the part of chorus in my forthcoming little drama. Fortunately I found the old lady's son, who is a strapping sergeant in the Guards, and who made no difficulty about going back with me.

We found Tracy still soundly asleep, with his head on the table. From this posture I gently raised him, and laid him back in the easy-chair in which he was sitting. My next proceeding was to insinuate my hand into each of his pockets, one after the other, in search of the missing diamond. I found the young lady's purse, but the ring was not in it; I also found a number of pawnbroker's duplicates, but none of them having reference to the object of which I was in search. Here, too, was my pencil-case, which, together with the stolen purse, I did not fail to appropriate. One after the other I searched all the pockets I could find, but still the ring was not forthcoming, and I began to fear that he had already disposed of it, in which case it was probably lost beyond recovery. My friend the sergeant, seeing my perplexity, suggested that the ring was perhaps sewn up inside the lining of his coat or waistcoat. Acting on this hint, I felt all over the lining of his coat, but without success; but on coming to his waistcoat I found something hard, over which a patch of wash-leather had been carefully stitched. A few seconds sufficed to unrip the sewing, and [illegible] wrapped up carefully in cotton-wool and tissue-paper, was a lady's diamond-ring. In silent triumph I held it up on the tip of my finger for the sergeant's inspection.

"Hurrah! that's jolly, and [illegible]

We were not left long in doubt on that point. Mr. Tracy began to yawn, and stretch, and pull himself together. It was a peculiarity of the narcotic I had given him that its effect, when administered in small doses, was of very short duration, and I knew that Tracy's stupor would not last above half an hour at the most. To assist his recovery I held a vial of strong smelling-salts under his nose. He opened his eyes, sat up, sneezed, and stared vacantly around.

"Good-evening, governor," said the sergeant. "You seem to have had quite a refreshing little snooze."

Mr. Tracy did not respond to this friendly greeting. His fingers were busy fumbling at his waistcoat, and next moment he started up with a tremendous oath, and declared that he had been robbed.

"Of what have you been robbed, Mr. Tracy?" I asked.

"Of a valuable diamond ring, which, for better security, I had stitched up in the folds of my waistcoat."

"Probably this purse also belongs to you?" I said, holding up the article in question.

He changed color at once, and all the defiance seemed to ooze out of him as I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his.

"That, too, is my property," he said, with a poor attempt at bravado; "and I must ask you at once to explain how it came into your possession."

"Let me first tell you how it came into yours," I said. "You took it this morning out of the pocket of a young lady who sat next you in an omnibus. At that time it contained, besides a small sum of money, a diamond ring, now in my custody, and which I mean to restore to its owner to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

"A lie! an infernal lie!" he said, with an angry stamp of the foot.

"You are *not* satisfied," I said. "Such being the case, let us adjourn to the nearest police-station, and each tell his own story to the inspector. For my part, I am quite willing to bear the brunt of such a proceeding. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"Sold! most damnably sold!" cried Tracy, flinging up his clenched hands. Then he turned and picked up his hat and cane; then, facing me, he said: "You villain! You have tricked me this time, but I'll be revenged on you yet. Next time it will be my turn, and I advise you to beware."

"If you are not out of this house in two minutes," I said, "I will give you in charge to the police."

He turned on me with a snarl, and made as though he would have struck me across the face with his cane. My friend, the sergeant, was on his feet in an instant.

"Now, governor, you just hook it quietly, or it will be worse for you," he said. "I may as well light you to the street-door, or you might perhaps find your way by accident into one of the other rooms. Now just step out, will you?"

I called next morning at the office of the Secretary of the Omnibus Company, and found, as I had anticipated, that the young lady had left her address there. To this address, which was in a certain West-End square, I hurried as fast as a cab could take me. I found the young lady and the old lady with whom she was living as companion terribly put about by the loss of the ring, and therefore proportionately pleased at its recovery. That first visit was not the last by any means; but all the rest merely concerns Minnie and myself, and may remain left unwritten.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Sporting Item.—Young ladies conversing with one another may be said to be deers—talking.

A fellow contemplated in utter wonderment the magnitudinous dimensions of a by-stander's feet, and in a tone of astonishment said, as he surveyed the man's proportions: "You'd have been a tall man if they hadn't bent you so far up."

The Greek which Students are often "highest up" in—The Attic.

Regular "Loafers"—Bakers.

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.
A plate of butter made from "the cream of a joke."
The small coins in the "change of the moon."
The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."
The latest contract with the "Trade Winds."
The chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Egg from a nest of thieves.
A bucket of water from "All's well."

To be Digested at Leisure.—One of those fool-hardy freaks in which people who had ought to know better will occasionally indulge occurred the other evening. A gentleman before retiring to rest had the imprudence to swallow a *night-cap*. On inquiring at his residence we learn that he is as well as—indeed, better than might have been expected.

The Language of the Sole—Creaking Boots!

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

EPITAPH OF ANOTHER DOG.

Paws, stranger, paws! Here lies poor Jack,
His case was truly hard,
A dog that over four feet stood,
Lies buried in a yard!

A clergyman going to a miserly old lady to beg for a worthy ob[illegible] on the ground of poverty. Feigning himself much interested in her story, he expressed great surprise thereat, and said: "I had not thought you in such want;" and then taking out some money he said, "here's something that

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these two were late and were called out to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell as I was goin' in." "Very well, Sir," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now, Sir (turning to the other), what have you to say?" "Please, Sir, please, Sir," said the puzzled boy—"*I! I! was waitin' to see Tom off!*" It was the same boy who, being asked the next day if his father was a Christian, answered, "*No, Sir, he's a Dutchman.*"

LATEST FASHIONS.

Eyes continue to be worn, one on each side of the nose, and immediately under the brows. The color is varied to suit the occasion, and just now the prevailing tint is green—a fine sea-green. Black, blue, and gray are still worn in the home circle.

Noses maintain their position on the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline is generally preferred, but the snubs have held their places on very pretty faces.

Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin, and are a pale pink. The coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not yet come out.

Teeth will be somewhat larger, and of bluish tint, to correspond with the complexion, which must be a dead white and magenta red.

Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness.

Advice to Unmarried Ladies with Independent Resources—Husband them.

By a Bachelor.—Why is a married man with a family of small children like a sailor at sea?—Because he is on the look-out for squalls.

Woman's Trials—Bonnets.

The Stranger's Guide to Pittsburg.—The smoke.

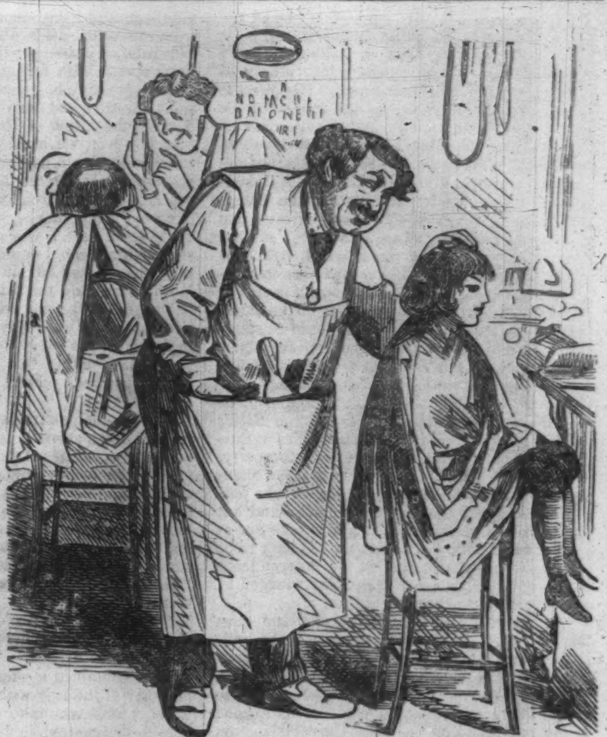
A VERSIFIED "JOURNEY OF LIFE."

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs of the bustle and strife;
And if he's in want of a guide-book, perchance
I can give him a sketch of the route at a glance.

Mammy's lap—coral and pap—fussery, nussery—cry, cry.
Heaps of toys—racket and noise—hummery, dummery—fie, fie!
Off to school—dull as a mule—fag away, drag away—slow, slow.
Early love—coo like a dove—sighery, fiery—glow, glow.
Choose a career—prospects queer—failery, wallery—gruff, gruff.
Lesson learnt, candle burnt—flickery, wickery—puff, puff.

Fussery, nussery, hummery, dummery, fag away, drag away, failery, wallery, flickery, wickery, laughing, chaffing, moaning, groaning, illery, pillery, doctor's billery, sad enough, mad enough, glad when you've had enough.

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs in the bustle and strife:
Gets, all his life,
A few rubs in the bustle and strife.



"SHAMPOOING CHARLIE WAS HIS NAME."

Hairdresser.—"Well, my little Gentleman, and how would you like your Hair cut?"

Charlie.—"Oh, like Papa's, please, with a little round hole at the top.

[*Unutterable bliss of parent who sits within hearing.*

HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of being acquainted.
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.
Taking by the centre—You are too willing.
Dropping—We will be friends.
Twirling in both hands—Indifference.
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.
Drawing through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.
Twirling in the left hand—I wish to get rid of you.
Twirling in the right hand—I love another.
Folding it—I wish to speak to you.
Over the shoulder—Follow me.
Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.
Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.
Placing on right ear—You have changed.
Placing on left ear—I have a message for you.
Letting it remain on the eye—You are cruel.
Winding round forefinger—I am engaged.
Winding round third finger—I am married.
N.B.—Practice makes perfect.

"Wife," said a broker, a few days since, "do you think I shall ever be worth fifty thousand dollars?"

"Ain't I worth that to you?" said the confiding spouse.

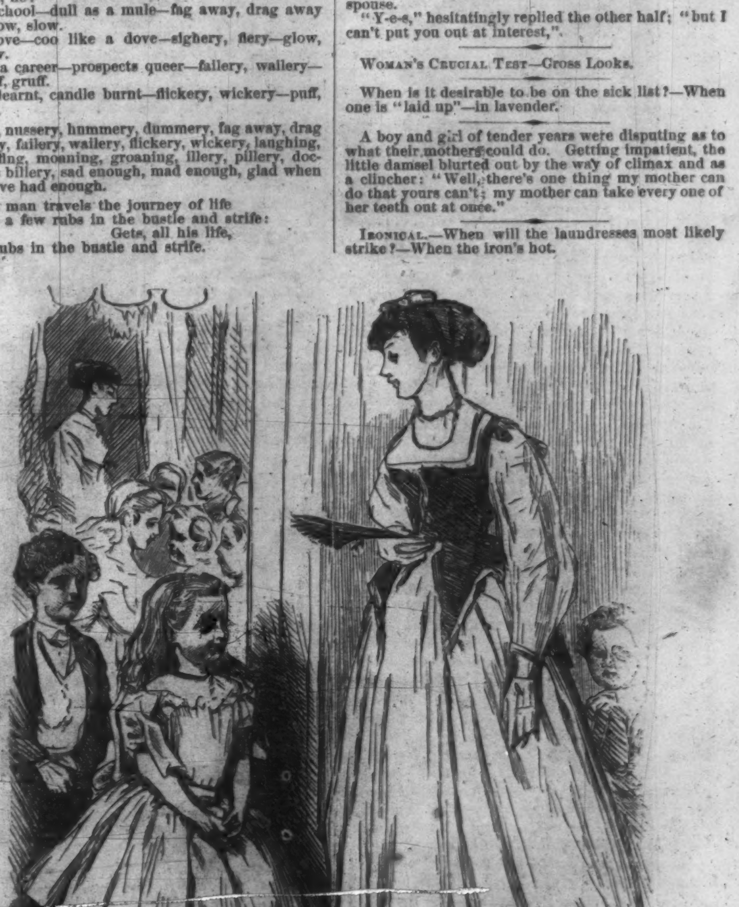
"Y-e-s," hesitatingly replied the other half; "but I can't put you out at interest."

Woman's Crucial Test—Cross Looks.

When is it desirable to be on the sick list?—When one is "laid up"—in lavender.

A boy and girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by the way of climax and as a clincher: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

Ironical.—When will the laundresses most likely strike?—When the iron's hot.



PRECOCITY.

[illegible]

THE AMERICAN PRONGHORN ANTELOPE DEFENDING ITS YOUNG FROM WOLVES.—[SEE PAGE [illegible]

THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA.

I think, till my head grows dizzy with thought,
Of the Kingdom under the Sea,
And vaguely I wonder, but never decide,
What kind of a place it may be.
Can it be there's another world like this,
With the dark blue waves for a sky?
And, deep in the haunts of the coral caves,
Are there beings like you and I?

Have they from the sinning of Adam been free
So they knew not humanity's bane,
Nor sacrifice dying on shivering tree
To restore forfeit blessings again?
Have their brows never bent to the weight of a sin,
Nor their hearts shrunk away from the right?
Or have they the nature of down-fallen man,
As well as the blossom, the blight?

Or is it the summer resort of the gods?
And have they pearl palaces there,
Where Neptune and suite may sit at their board
And Hebes their jeweled cups bear?
Do the mermaidens gather their beautiful locks
In fillets of pearl, seeded o'er,
And float through the liquid blue streets of their town
The same as the maidens on shore?

Do they race with the dolphin and laugh at the fish
In Lurley's sweet, silvery tones?
Do they flirt with the men of the sea, and enjoy
Their jealous complainings and groans?
Do they gather the sea-weed to twine in their hair
And make them anemone crowns,
And, woman-like, catching their hearts in the snare,
Reward their devotion with frowns?

Do the mermen, to please them, take Argonaut shells
And make of them miniature sails,
Or, driven by tempests beneath the rough waves,
Do they capture the violet snails?
Do they build up their palace of coral and shell
Till the sunshine above strikes the dome?
Do they carpet with jewels and curtain with mist,
And have they the comforts of home?

And do they talk politics under the sea,
Or have they no choice of a king?
And when they have weddings (they surely must wed)
Do they marry with rector and ring?
And when the brave sailor-boys crowd to the deck
To look at the sea in a glow,
Have not the mermen caught medusas and formed
A torch-light procession below?

Oh! marvels untold and wonders unsung
Of the Kingdom under the Sea,
Who will brave old Neptune and bear back the news,
And tell it to you and to me?
Are the mermen real men? Oh, tell me who can!
Are the maidens so treacherously fair?
Do they lie on the rocks, as the sailors report,
And comb out their waving green hair?

Oh mightiest work of an Almighty hand!
Oh wonders and marvels untold!
Who will go down to this unexplored land,
And all its strange stories unfold?
When the last trump shall sound and the sea give its dead
His hand shall the wonders reveal;
When He shall throw open the sapphire gates,
And shatter the amethyst seal;
When the sound of His voice shall go down to the deep,
And the hosts shall arise at His call,
Oh then, when they all awaken who sleep,
We, trusting in Him, shall know all!

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book VI.

CHAPTER VI.

HIDING.

In a miserable bedroom of a miserable tavern in a squalid street on the Surrey side of the river sat two young men. On the dirty table before them was placed a muddy decanter half full of coarse brown brandy, tumblers, and a jug of water. They had been smoking, and the chamber was filled with heavy clouds of tobacco, which hung about the frouzy curtains of the bed, and made the already close atmosphere almost insupportably stifling. But, notwithstanding, the one window was closed, and the yellow blind partly drawn down. Of the two occupants of the room, one—a young man with a remarkably handsome dark face—was well and even elegantly dressed; the other, with unbrushed clothes, matted hair, red eyes, and pallid cheeks, appeared the very picture of reckless despondency. He sat with his head bent down and his folded arms resting on the table before him, while his companion, leaning back in his chair in an easy nonchalant attitude, darted a glance at him, from time to time, of mingled impatience and a sort of contemptuous pity. Presently, as the other continued mute and motionless, the handsome young man uttered a sharp ejaculation, and turning irritably in his chair, said, "Well, upon my soul, I do think you're the most ungrateful chap I ever encountered in the whole course of my life!"

The other looked up at him for an instant, and then dropped his eyes again, with a gloomy knitting of the brows.

"Ungrateful, am I?" he muttered; and, after a minute's pause, added with a short bitter laugh, "Ungrateful! yes, I'm so surprisingly happy and fortunate, that it is wonderful I'm not grateful. Grateful! who have I got to be grateful to, I should like to know?"

"To me," retorted his companion, coolly. "You are ungrateful to *me*. What you are to any body else is not my business."

This time the pale young man fixed his eyes upon the other, and kept them steadily bent on him, as he repeated with an elaborate show of profound astonishment, "Ungrateful to *you!*"

The black malignant frown that came over the face of the handsome youth changed its beauty with startling suddenness. He struck his hand—a supple hand with long slender fingers—sharply on the table, and said, with an indescribable coarse insolence of manner, "To me? yes; to *me*. Don't try to come any of your stuck-up airs over me, Mr. Walter Charlewood. It won't do. You and I know each other from old times. Why, who is it that's providing you with food and shelter at this moment?"

"You lent me a trifling sum that I asked for, I don't deny it. But you've had fifty times as much from me before now."

"You have a pretty good cheek, my friend, to talk in that manner. It runs in your family, I suppose. How stands the case? Long ago—or, at least, it seems long ago, now, so much has happened since then—and when you had never known what it was to want a pound, while I had practical experience now and then of wanting a dinner, chance brought you in my way, or brought me in your way, if you like that better. You and your friends thought yourselves very high and mighty personages, no doubt, and looked down upon the poor devil of a fiddler from a great elevation."

"Was I ever arrogant? Did *I* ever show that I looked down upon you?"

"You were the best of the lot, or I shouldn't be sitting here now; but there were other members of your family who—ah! never mind that just now. Your particular pal, Arthur Skidley, tried to be saucy to me; but I cured him of that, I fancy. You played billiards. I played better, and told you so, fairly. Skidley's set had flattered you up for their own purposes—don't interrupt, I know what I'm saying—and you didn't believe me. The consequence was, that you got into my debt for a pretty considerable sum of money."

"Which was paid," cried Walter, excitedly, "which was paid to the uttermost farthing!"

"It was; but not until after a considerable delay that was highly inconvenient to me. However, I waited patiently, because you begged and prayed that I wouldn't split about the affair to your governor. I could have got my money directly by a hint to him. For he was proud, like your dearly beloved brother, and would have given ten times the money to hush up a good many things that I could have told him. Is that the truth, or not?"

Walter bowed his face on his trembling hands, and merely replied by a low moan. It was piteous to see how weak he was, how broken and abject. His jaunty, self-satisfied ease, the fresh brightness of his fair boyish face, were all gone.

"Well," pursued Alfred Trescott, for it was he, "I needn't recapitulate all that passed in Dublin. Those were good times for both of us; and if you did buy your experience at a tolerably expensive rate, why you had your fun for the money. And money was plenty enough with you then. Then came the smash at Hammerham, and—"

"Why, in the name of all the devils, do you torment me in this way?" broke in Walter, dashing down his clenched fist on the table. "What's the good of talking about all that? It's past and gone, and nothing that you or I, or any one else can say will avail to alter it."

"Quite so," replied Alfred, coolly, at the same time dropping his handsome eyelashes over his eyes, with a half-suppressed smile. "All that can not be altered, as you justly observed. But, though it can not be altered, I don't choose that it shall be altogether forgotten, especially when you ask what you have to be grateful for. It's necessary to refresh your memory a little, do you see? When we met again in London, was it I who sought you out, or you who sought me? In addition to your other accomplishments you had imbibed a taste for cards. Did I, or did I not, say to you that I thought card-playing an expensive amusement for a clerk at a hundred a year, or whatever your wages were?"

Walter rocked himself to and fro in his chair as though he were suffering bodily pain. He answered without looking up, "I know very well what you said, and how you said it. You know that it was impossible for a fellow of any spirit to—to—"

"To refrain from doing what he liked? Ah! that has been the case with a good many fellows of spirit, I believe. However, I gave you good advice; and if you were too great a fool to follow it I couldn't help that, you know."

"It was you who urged me to leave the rest of them, and go into lodgings by myself. That was the beginning of it all. If you had let me alone, I might have gone on steadily enough in time."

Tears of bitter humiliation and mortified pride were standing in the wretched boy's eyes as he spoke. Always weak and undisciplined in temper, his health had been latterly so undermined by dissipation and ceaseless fretful repinings at his lot, that he had scarcely more self-control than a child. Alfred threw himself back in his chair with a short, mocking laugh.

"Bah! I urged you! Are you a baby? I thought it was you who first said that you were tired of living under the rule of that precious brother of yours. It *was* a little too laughable. I wonder he didn't tie a string to your leg!"

"I have cut the string now, once and forever," said Walter. "I shall never go back and face them all. After all Clem has said and done—oh, when I think of his face that Sunday night when I came home"—he hesitated, and Alfred coolly supplied the word—"drunk, eh?" "When I saw him and my sister standing there in the passage, I felt as if I should have been glad to drop down dead rather than face them."

"Did he blackguard you?"

"No. He didn't say one word, but just stood aside to let me pass, and looked at me—oh, that look was the worst of all! I would sooner he had said *any thing* than have looked at me like that."

"Ah, the old game. Trying to overawe you with his superior virtue. Humbug! But why the devil you ever stood his hectoring airs *I* can't understand."

"Clem has been good to me, too. But he—he expects too much of a fellow. If you ain't quite up to his mark, he always seems, somehow, to have such a contempt for you."

"Really!" sneered Alfred Trescott. "He must be a paragon himself, to be able to look down so magnificently on the rest of the world. You'd better go home, like a good boy, and beg pardon, and take your whipping pretty, and try to profit by such a moral example."

"Never!" said Walter again, with a sort of nervous tremor. "I *can't* do it. I know what Clement is. He wouldn't desert me, but he'd go to M'Culloch and tell him that I must be withdrawn from the bank, and he'd talk in his stern way about not venturing to make other people responsible for my good conduct any more, and he'd make me go, cap in hand, to some d—d tradesman fellow or other to try for a situation. He told me, once, that if I could get no other honest work to do, I ought to take a broom in my hand and sweep a crossing."

"Affectionate brother!" said Alfred, scoffingly.

"Well, upon my soul, I believe he'd do it himself."

"But, not possessing any taste or talent for crossing-sweeping on the whole, you don't mean to return to the bosom of your family."

"I *can't* do it, I tell you. When I think of all the things that will have come out, now, in this day or two that I've been away, I feel that I *can't* face it. You don't know what it would be."

"My dear fellow, don't distress yourself to apologize. *I* don't want you to go back. It's nothing to me. Only I'm rather curious to know what you do mean to do. Your prospects appear a little hazy."

"When I left home I didn't intend to run away altogether. I only wanted to avoid Clem. Then, as I walked on, and began to think of it all, I resolved not to go to the bank. I knew Clem would seek for me there first thing. Then gradually, by little and little, the idea came into my head that I would not go home any more. I wandered about all day until I was sick for want of food, and then I went into a chop-house, where—"

"Where you chanced to find me. You could not possibly have lighted on any body more sure to keep the secret of your whereabouts. I wouldn't tell your brother where to find you to save him from being burned alive."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I believe he'd be glad to know."

"How you hate Clem!" exclaimed Walter, looking with something like fear at the handsome face before him.

"Humph! There's not much love lost between us. But what do you intend to do? You haven't yet unfolded your plans for the future. This is a charming place, no doubt, but you can't stay here forever. And, even if you could, there would be something to pay, and as I can't go on lending you money, and as you appear to have none of your own—"

Walter had been drinking the vile brandy before him at intervals, and his mood had gradually changed from despondency to a feverish excitement. His face became flushed, and his speech thick.

"I shall go to Australia," he said, looking up defiantly. "To Australia. That's the country. I sha'n't always be the poor unlucky devil you see before you, Trescott. I shall make my way there, mark my words. I shall come back some day, a rich man, and then see what Penny will say to me! Aha? In Australia I shall have a clear field. No one will know any thing about me. I shall take another name. No black looks, no lectures, no—I shall be a man there!"

"But how are you to get there? What's the use of talking such infernal nonsense?" cried Alfred, irritably. He had been able to contemplate poor Walter's misery with great equanimity, but this sanguine mood exhausted his patience at once.

"I shall go in an emigrant ship," said Walter, looking at him with blinking eyes, "I've been hanging about the docks all day. I have picked up a great deal of information. I've got my watch and chain—they cost fifty guineas—and one ring that I carry in my waistcoat-pocket. I shall sell them for—what they'll fetch. Plenty to take me—to—Australia. You shall be paid, Sir, the trifling loan—" His heavy head fell forward as he spoke. He recovered himself for a moment, nodded again, and then with an effort rolled off his chair, and flinging himself on the wretched bed, appeared to fall instantly into a dead sleep.

Alfred stood looking at him for a moment. "Australia," he muttered, contemptuously. "ay, you're cut out for an Australian life! poor, weak, childish creature! I know what it will be. You'll hang about here, shilly-shally, wasting hour after hour, and coming to no conclusion until every penny's gone of the money your watch brings, and then you'll have to crawl back and lick your brother's shoes in the dust. Damn it! If I had the money I would ship him off myself, if it was only that that sneaking arrogant cur shouldn't have the triumph of crowing over him and getting him back!" He closed the door quietly behind him, and went down stairs. In the bar he stopped for a moment to say to a woman who sat there, "You won't allow the young gentleman to be disturbed, if you please. He is not quite well, and, if any body should come to see him—it isn't likely—you had better—yes, I think you had better say he is not here."

CHAPTER VII.

STORM.

Things were not going altogether well with Mr. Alfred Trescott. The prospect of his *debut* seemed further off than ever, and he had almost quarreled with his patroness, on the score of an offer she had made to pay for a year's study for him at one of the great foreign conservatories of music. This offer Alfred had indignantly rejected, and had irritated "my lady" into one of her brief fiery fits of anger. But this he had cunningly contrived not only to soothe, but to convert into increased sympathy with, and admiration for, his sensitive genius. It was the more easy to do this, in that Lady Popham had undergone a good deal of mortification before so far abandoning her expressed opinion that Alfred was already a finished artist, as to entertain the idea of sending him abroad for a further course of study. It was not, therefore, difficult to strengthen her in her original conviction that Alfred Trescott was a great violinist, that Lady Popham was a great connoisseur, and that the musical critics of London were great bunglers. Still, things were not going altogether well with Mr. Alfred Trescott. Since he had been in London, his secret conviction of his own incompleteness as an artist—almost deadened by the brilliancy of his Irish triumphs—had revived again; and great as he pretended his disappointment to be, and loudly as he continued to deplore the postponement of his appearance in the metropolis, it is certain that he would have felt very grave and anxious doubts as to the result, had the chance been offered him of an immediate trial. For—from various causes—he was now even less prepared for such a trial than he had been in Dublin. His hand was losing steadiness, his intonation was becoming occasionally uncertain, and, from the absolute cessation of any practice whatever, his passage playing was more unsatisfactory than ever. That his musical instinct was too fine and sure to allow him to deceive himself on these points, made him neither more submissive to criticism, nor more tolerant of those who administered it. Then the future! Alfred was not much wont to look forward, but there were times when the question, what was to become of him? forced itself very disagreeably on his attention. Fortune did not seem inclined to favor him in his love either. Corda's visit to Desmond Lodge, which he had looked forward to as a means of gradually re-establishing the intimacy between Mabel and himself, had hitherto produced no such result as he had anticipated. The child had provokingly fallen sick after her visit to Mabel, and had been unable to go again. Then, too, Corda had latterly taken a strange habit of reticence in her talk with him. On the rare occasions when he had formerly condescended to converse with his sister, she had shown, by the eager, artless outpouring of her thoughts, how she prized the opportunity of affectionate confidence with him. Now, on the contrary, although more loving and tender in her manner than ever, Corda could not be tempted into speaking openly of Mabel. She would answer such questions as she could briefly, but would volunteer no word. Sometimes, if Alfred were in a gentle mood, she would twine her little slender fingers in his, and rest her head on his shoulder, and sit so, silent, for half an hour together. Once, after remaining thus for some time, she suddenly threw her arms round him, crying, "Oh, Alf! oh, Alf! be good, be good! I love you so, Alf, do be good!" and had fallen into almost hysterical weeping. This singular proceeding had been highly displeasing to her brother, who, to do him justice, was uneasy at the extreme weakness which the child showed, and which appeared to increase daily. Alfred had said some word to his father about having another doctor to see pussy-cat, and getting her wine and strengthening things; but Mr. Trescott, with the sort of infatuation not unprecedented in similar cases, had refused to acknowledge the least cause for alarm in Corda's state of health. Certainly she should have wine, and soup, and jelly, and whatever she fancied; but as to danger! pooh, it was absurd. The child had never looked better. She was growing fast, and was naturally thin in consequence, that was all.

Alfred Trescott walking away from the Surrey side of the river, where he had left Walter in the obscure tavern, toward the aristocratic though somewhat old-fashioned square in which Lady Popham's mansion was situated, had his little sister's image unaccountably in his mind. "By Jove," he said, mentally, "if pussy-cat doesn't get stronger soon, and if nothing turns up for me here, I would almost—almost—be tempted to accept the old woman's offer, and go abroad for a year with Corda. The governor could rub on all right with only himself to keep, and perhaps thorough change of air and scene, and the delight of being with *me*—poor pussy-cat, how fond she is of me!—might set her up again. And if I were to work in earnest, who knows? Away from all these people, and with no face that I know except that pretty, fair little one—it *is* a sweet little face—who knows?" It was in this unwonted gentleness of spirit, and with these unwontedly kind thoughts in his mind, that Alfred reached Lady Popham's door. He had so long been treated like a petted child of the house, privileged to be admitted at all hours, that it never occurred to him to inquire if Lady Popham were within, or to go through any of the formalities usual on making a call. The servant who had opened the door stopped him as he was walking across the hall. "I beg pardon, Sir, but I'm not sure that my lady's at home."

"No matter; I will go into the little morning-room, and wait for her. There is some music there that I want."

"Very sorry, Mr. Trescott, but my lady isn't at all well, and can't see any body."

"Not well? Is my lady unwell? However, I shall not disturb her; I will go into the morning-room and get what I want."

"Really, Mr. Trescott, I can't allow—"

Alfred turned and looked at the man. There was something unusual in his tone, and he had planted himself so as to bar the access to the morning-room. Alfred's face darkened.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, with the haughty insolence of manner which characterized his intercourse with inferiors.

"Oh yes, Mr. Alfred Trescott?" rejoined the servant doggedly; "I know who you are, perfectly. But my orders are not to allow you to pass, and I mean to carry out my orders."

While Alfred was standing, literally speechless with astonishment, the man called to the butler, who was passing down the stairs, "Oh, Mr. Mitchell, ain't there a note for this gentleman?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mitchell, advancing with a letter in his hand; "yes, there is a note. My lady particularly desired that I should deliver it myself into Mr. Trescott's hand. You will please to observe, James, that I do deliver it into Mr. Trescott's hand. You had better show the gentleman out, if you please, James. If my lady hears voices in the hall it will worry her, and my lady's hearing is very quick."

Still speechless, stunned, bewildered, Alfred allowed himself to be half-elbowed, half-led out of the hall, without having uttered a syllable. The sharp closing of the door appeared to rouse him as though from a dream. The furious temper began to surge up like an angry sea, but utter astonishment still kept him outwardly calm. He looked at the closed door, and then at the letter in his hand. "Insolent hounds!" he ground out between his clenched teeth, "you shall pay for this." Then a thought darted into his mind, "Can she be *very* ill? dying? and are they already calculating on her death, and think it no longer worth while to be civil? Or Skidley and Miss O'Brien, are *they* trying to keep me out of her sight, for fear she should leave me any thing in her will? At any rate she thinks of me, since she has written, and given orders that the note should be put into my own hand. Yes, yes, she is all right." Though he said the words confidently, there must have been some secret misgiving in his mind that made him hold the letter tightly in his hand without opening it. He looked at the superscription. It was to "Mr. Alfred Trescott," written in Lady Popham cramped characters, and even more trembling and illegible than usual. "The old woman must have been very shaky when she wrote that," muttered Alfred. "I wonder what it's all about. No matter! I'll read it quietly, and at my leisure."

Although it might have been supposed that he would be eager to learn the contents of Lady Popham's communication, he walked along the streets at a singularly dilatory pace, staring absently in at the shop windows, and even sometimes stopping outright. At last, by slow degrees, he reached the neighborhood of his lodgings. Even then he did not bend his course homeward immediately, but turned down the blind alley in which the tavern was situated where he had left Walter Charlewood. The woman to whom he had spoken was no longer in the bar when he entered it, but in her place a very fat man, with a cowskin cap on his head, was leaning with both elbows on the counter, poring over a graphic account of the last prize-fight. The fat man looked up as Alfred entered.

"What can I do for *you*, Sir?" he asked, in rather a surly tone. He had just reached the fourth round, and was becoming so deeply interested as to make any interruption unwelcome. Alfred nodded carelessly.

"I am going up stairs," he said.

"Where to, Sir?" demanded the fat man.

Alfred passed on without heeding the question, and was in the act of ascending the stairs, when the fat man called after him, huskily, "I say, there ain't nobody there! The young gent's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"How the doose should *I* know?" retorted he of the cowskin cap, doubling down the newspaper, and commencing to trace the course of "Round the fifth" with an inexpressibly dirty thumb.

Alfred returned hurriedly to the bar, and faced him. "The gentleman's coming back, I suppose?" he said, rather in the tone of an assertion than a question.

The fat man dented the paper before him with his thumb-nail, so as to make a landmark by which to find his place again, in the—to him—difficult country of the printed columns, and with a heavy sigh of resignation looked up. It was clear that he was not destined to enjoy uninterruptedly the delicious tid-bit prepared by the penny-a-liner's skillful fingers.

"Well, Sir," he replied, tilting back the cowskin cap, and passing his hand over his forehead, "the gent may come back, or he may not. But if you was to ask me my opinion, I should say he wouldn't. Hows'ever, he didn't say nothing to me, one way nor the other. His score's paid, and that's all *I* know."

"Oh, he paid his score, did he?"

"Well, no, *he* didn't, but t'other one did."

"T'other one; what are you talking about?"

"Why, his friend as fetched him away in a four-wheeler. There was two on 'em—a young light-haired party, an' a rum-looking old chap with a dog."

Alfred uttered a great oath.

"What! didn't you know?" asked the fat man, with some semblance of curiosity on his stolid countenance. The only reply he received was a volley of curses, as Alfred turned and strode out of the place. The man's sensibilities were apparently not in the least ruffled by this very unexpected demonstration. He stared after the lithe retreating figure for a second or two with a ruminating expression of face, passed his hand once more over his forehead, replaced the cowskin cap in its original position, and, guided by the landmark, found his place, resumed his perusal of the great prize-fight, and was soon apparently as absorbed in its vividly-written details as before.

Alfred's footsteps did not lag now, as he pursued his way homeward. He rushed along like a fleet, keen wind. Corda, reclining in the sitting-room, on the little low chair she seldom quitted now, heard her brother knock violently at the street-door, heard his rapid step mount the stairs and enter the room overhead, and then, after a pause of dead silence, heard him descend as rapidly and approach the parlor-door. In an instant he had entered, closed the door again behind him, and stood before her with a face so full of fury, so distorted and malignant, that the child uttered a little, low cry of terror, and half rose in her chair. Alfred held Lady Popham's letter open in one hand, and was pointing to it with the other. For the space of half a minute—it seemed a long, long time to Corda—he stood panting and speechless, absolutely unable to articulate from rage. At last his voice came forth, broken and husky:

"You little devil! You little whining, canting, deceitful devil!"

Corda's pale lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"You treacherous, false-hearted, cursed little spy! Cringing and fawning with your infernal carnying ways and false white face!"

The child was trembling violently from head to foot; she struggled breathlessly to speak, but her voice did not rise above a whisper. "Alf! Alf!" that was all she said.

Her brother stood regarding her with eyes that seemed to blaze beneath his knitted brows.

"Read that! Look there, that is *your* doing. Are you satisfied? Is your end gained? I am ruined. You have done your work thoroughly, and I hope your dear friends are content. Cunning, hypocritical little *devil!*"

"Alf, if there is any mercy in your heart, listen to me for one moment. Let me speak, Alf! I beg and pray of you to let me speak!"

"Speak! you have spoken, and to some purpose. Read that. Its contents will be no news to you, I dare say. But feast your eyes on your precious handiwork. Read it, I say!"

Corda mechanically took the letter from his hand and cast her eyes on it. Once or twice she pressed her trembling hands together, as though to steady them. After two or three attempts she dropped the letter in her lap, and sank back in her chair.

"I can not read it," she murmured. "Indeed, indeed, Alf, I tried to read it, but I can not. The letters swim before my eyes."

"Oh, you can't read, can't you? But you could write, it seems, and prowl, and spy, and betray your own brother. Hear what she says; it will please you."

He read rapidly: "'These disclosures have caused me the greatest pain, but there is no possibility of doubting their truth. I need not recapitulate the charges which Mr. Charlewood'—curse him!—'has brought against you, as your own conscience will, no doubt, accuse you more heavily than any words of mine can do.' You see you have been highly successful; there is a tribute to your talents! And again, here: 'I can only trust that you will wreak none of the anger which this letter is calculated to cause you on the amiable child who has thus innocently been the means—'"

Alfred broke off in his reading to crush the letter in his hand and to pour forth the most terrible imprecations. Corda shudderingly raised her clasped hands, and cried to him:

"Oh, Alf, you *must* not say such dreadful things! not for my sake, but for yours; it kills me to hear them. It kills me, Alf, it kills me!"

"Not for my sake, but for yours," he repeated, with a sneer that drew his lips back from his white, glittering teeth. "Do you think you can humbug me still, you canting little hypocrite? For *my* sake? What did you ever do, or care, for my sake? It was a lie, all a lie, from beginning to end, your pretended fondness and affection! You never loved me!"

The child fell down before him, quivering like a wounded bird, and clasped his knees.

"Alf," she gasped, "Alf, if you knew, if I could tell you how it was, you—you—wouldn't say—such cruel, cruel things. I—it was by accident—I saw a letter—partly copied out—and then I knew by it that—that others had gone before—and there was the address. And, Alf, I prayed—oh, I did pray so hard to do right. It was cruel to injure Mr. Charlewood, dear Alf."

At the name he made a rough, sudden movement to shake her off, but she clung to him still.

"Oh, it was not cruel to injure *me*, I suppose? Your own brother, your darling Alf? Lying little devil!"

"No, Alf—only hear me, I humbly beg of you—I didn't think it would injure you. I—I tried to screen you, God knows I did. But I couldn't let that evil be done, dear, dear Alf, and be at peace. I—I—even hoped and prayed—that—that if I could set it right—and no—harm came of what you had done—it might be—easier for you to be forgiven—and to grow good, dear Alf—and when you say—I—I never loved you, darling Alf, my own, own brother—it breaks my heart, it does—it does."

The tears came at last in such a passion of weeping as shook her feeble frame with convulsive sobs. It might have moved him to compassion to see her clinging round him, kissing his hands, and covering them with her bright hair, all wet and stained with tears. But the demon temper within him made him blind and deaf to all save the promptings of his ungoverned fury.

"You have betrayed me, and ruined me, like a cold-hearted, ungrateful, treacherous little spy as you are," he cried, struggling to release himself from her clasp. "Only this very day, almost within this hour, I was planning to take you abroad with me, to make you well and happy, and to have you live with me always. I little thought what a treacherous little viper—let me go, I say; tears are easy enough to you, no doubt. Now, from this time forward, all is over between us; remember that. You have been clever enough to deceive me for a long time, but if you were a thousand times more clever you could not make me believe in you again. You never loved me—let me go—I say again you never loved me; you're a canting, lying hypocrite, and I hate the sight of you!"

By a sudden exertion of his strength he unclasped her clinging hands, and, in his mad rage, thrust her from him with such violence that the blood gushed from her mouth as she fell heavily upon the floor at his feet.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

WHAT is the whispered lesson which those ruddy petals have to tell as they are held in the fair taper fingers and pressed against a cheek that can only be made to look fairer by contrast? The picture on page 728 itself is as suggestive to the spectator as are those scattering blossoms to the young beauty who forms its subject. It is as full of only half-revealed thought as it is full of dainty coloring, and combines two very rare qualities—richness and sobriety. There is no meretricious glare—no metallic lustre. The soft but brilliant hues of the flowers are toned down as they are in nature to a harmony which seems partially to blend them; and the tint of the dress, with only just enough of a sheen upon it to distinguish it as *fabric*, is exquisitely chosen. It is that of the cool side of a peach which yet has its sunny side. There is a world of fancy, and thought too, in that sweet face, on which the last roses of summer will not fade for many a day; a pensive, almost melancholy charm, which sets us thinking, as she too seems to be thinking, of that poem of HERRICK. She might be repeating, softly:

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

"What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is impossible to glance through the daily journals of even a single date without being impressed by the strange phases crime assumes, as well as the numerous singular accidents which happen to mankind. It is true that *insanity* is the plea usually offered for any serious crime which is attended by unnatural and peculiar circumstances. But *moral* insanity may give no *legal* ground of acquittal. This subject was discussed at length in the late trial of Jacob Van Arsdale, the "spiritualist murderer." A sad and horrible tragedy recently occurred in Ohio. The mother of two bright and beautiful little girls conceived the idea that there was something "wrong" about her children, and that they would become idiots. Though apparently sane on all other subjects, this impression had gained such power over her that she procured a razor and cut the throats of her little girls, and then attempted to take her own life. Afterward she seemed to realize that it was an awful deed, but said, "I could not help it; I wanted to get my children out of trouble, and I wanted to go with them. Something forced me to do it." She is not expected to recover from the self-inflicted wounds, and one can not regret it. Life in any event would be a torture to herself or to her friends.

A thief by the name of Knight was arrested at New Haven on suspicion; but was convicted of previous misdeeds by a l[illegible] found in his pocket, which he himself had wr[illegible] of Wiscassett, acknowledging himself guilty of burglary. In this letter—which he had failed to send to the one to whom it was addressed—he spoke of a diamond pin which he had taken from a young lady in the house he robbed. This young lady had made vigorous efforts to seize him; and he expressed his intention to return the pin to her, saying: "She is a noble and a brave woman—as brave as any man I ever saw in the army." A curious instance of gallantry in a thief. This brings to mind another similar incident. Some years ago a prosperous business man of St. Louis captured a thief in his bedroom, but released him on promise of good behavior, and also gave him some money. Shortly afterward the merchant failed. One day, when very shabbily dressed, he was accosted in the street by an elegantly attired individual with "How do you do, Mr. K——? Glad to see you! Still in business on Main Street?" The reduced merchant, vainly endeavoring to remember the stranger, replied [illegible] was not [illegible] business, [illegible] fact, was hunting a situation. S[illegible]ger said, "Please [illegible] a short distance." [illegible] introduced him[illegible] as the repentant thief, and forced the merchant to accept a loan of $10,000 with which to commence business; saying that he had made money during the war, and had long desired to express his gratitude in some substantial manner.

Among numerous strange accidents which have recently occurred may be mentioned the death of a gentleman caused by falling from a window of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had been spending the evening in company with some friends in his room, and after their departure it is supposed that he attempted to open the window, standing on a rocking-chair for the purpose. It is thought that the window, which is hinged, opened unexpectedly, and that, losing his poise, he fell into the street.

A young woman residing in a family in Thirty-fourth Street fell through the dumb-waiter last week into the basement, a distance of some seventy feet. It appears that she mistook the entrance to the dumb-waiter for that of her own apartment, and going in hurriedly she plunged down to the basement with terrific force, fracturing her right arm, dislocating the wrist and elbow of her left arm, and sustaining a frightful wound upon the head, besides other severe injuries.

A curious case of poisoning occurred in Detroit a short time ago, which proved very nearly fatal to an entire family. Some beef-steak was purchased and put into a refrigerator, where it remained a day or two. When the cook took it out she observed that the meat had fallen from the wooden rests upon the zinc lining. Some doubts as to the propriety of eating the meat were expressed, but it was finally concluded that no harm would result from it, and the steak was cooked and eaten. Soon the family exhibited symptoms of having been poisoned. Whether the meat was poisoned by contact with the zinc in the refrigerator or whether it was diseased was the question. Certainly if the zinc lining of refrigerators poisons food housekeepers should give the matter some special attention. Lucifer matches are generally conceded to be injurious when taken internally. Therefore it is a matter of surprise that any one should attempt to make *coffee* out of them. But a couple of gentlemen a week or two since drank freely of coffee at dinner, and presently died. The landlady sent at once for the police. Some query being raised as to whether the coffee had not been poisoned, she declared it to be perfectly harmless, to prove which assertion she swallowed a cupful of the beverage, and immediately fell down dead. Then somebody was bright enough to look inside the coffee-pot, when a bunch of matches was discovered! There is no limit to the record of strange crimes and casualties; but we will end this paragraph with an incident more comic than serious. A young boy caught a cold when out fishing. It seemed to result in a sort of catarrh, and his breath grew so offensive that his parents became greatly alarmed, and consulted a noted physician. "Ah! yes," said the doctor; "have often had just such cases; and I can give him a medicine that will cure him." The powder was taken home to be administered at bedtime. Meanwhile the atmosphere about the child was fearful. But when he was being prepared for bed his jacket-pocket revealed the cause of his illness—*two little fishes* in the last stages of decomposition, which had been snugly tucked away by the young fisherman when first caught! Of course the powder was thrown away. But when the doctor made his second call he exclaimed at once, "There! I never knew *that* medicine to fail!"

An energetic woman residing in Ontario County, New York, has cut and harvested this season over twenty-five acres of wheat with her own hands. Her health improved immensely by the operation; she acquired the bronze complexion so fashionable just now in Paris, and is said to have gained fifty pounds of flesh.

A respectable and wealthy merchant in Troy is said to be afflicted with *insurance on the brain.* He is about sixty-five years of age, and has thus far secured policies on his life to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

A curiously affected monomaniac lives in Gardiner, Maine, by report. He thinks that he can fly. There is a hill near his house, and every day he goes on to this hill and flaps his arms like a veritable chanticleer, doing his utmost to soar aloft. He flops and flounders, but *terra firma* holds his legs down, and he can't rise. Somebody has suggested that a little yeast will do the business.

A worthy dominie in a certain town in Tennessee had occasion to correct a little fellow named Johnny. Consequently Johnny had a fit of the "sulks," and his teacher attempted to convince him that the punishment was necessary, as follows: "Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?" Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied, "I'd cluck to him, Sir." "But suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what would you do then?" "I'd get down and lead him, Sir." "And what if he were obstinate, and would not let you lead him?" "Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, Sir." The teacher concluded further argument was useless.

There was in October a storm of grasshoppers in Texas. The appearance was said to be like that of an immense fall of snow, and in ten minutes after the shower commenced the ground was literally alive with them. In twenty-four hours every thing was stripped.

One of our exchanges tells a story of what it calls remarkable *presence of mind*, which was recently exhibited somewhere in France. "Monsieur J—— was talking with his mother-in-law at her country château, when a streak of lightning almost reduced her to ashes. The domestics ran into the room, when, without moving a muscle, Monsieur J—— said, 'John, sweep up my mother-in-law.'" What definition of *presence of mind* could be deduced from this incident?

The Nicolson pavement is rapidly going down in Nassau Street. In those streets where it has been laid it has thus far proved a decided improvement upon other pavements. It is said that the first block was laid in this city by private subscription at $4 per square yard, but the Common Council contract calls for $4 75, and the gossips are busy with that 75 cents.

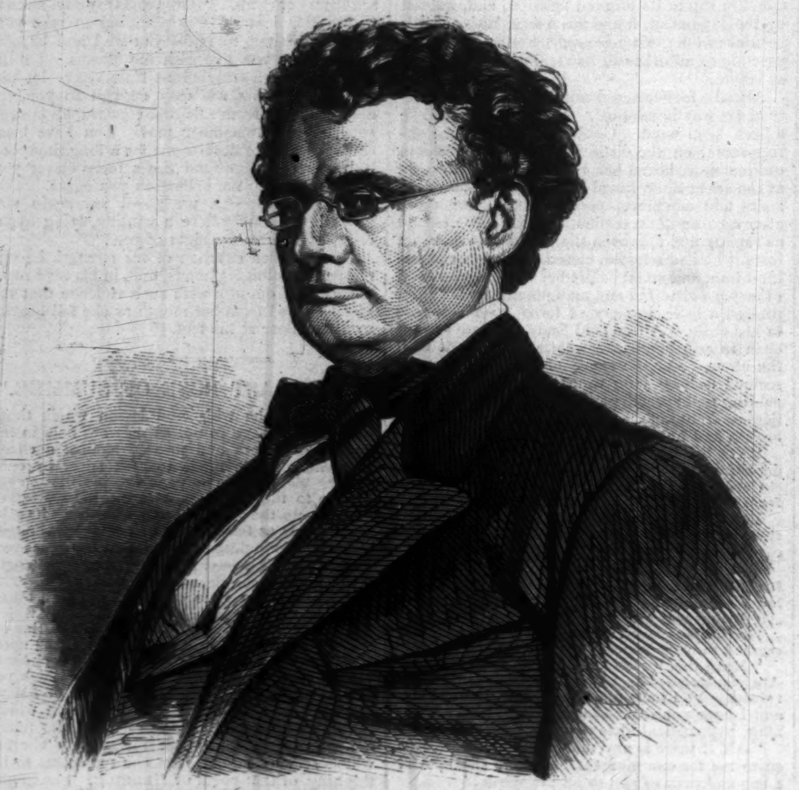
A colored citizen of Indianapolis lately applied at the office of the county clerk for a marriage license, at the same time inquiring the cost of the document and the additional charge for tying the nuptial knot. He was informed that the entire bill would be one dollar and forty cents, at which he demurred, saying that he had promised the "woman" to go a dollar on it, but she'd have to pay the other forty cents. He left without the license to see if his intended bride would "go" the change. This is reducing love and marriage down to rather a fine point.

A huge laundry is established in the suburbs of Paris, at which is washed the soiled clothing of the guests of the principal hotels, at the rate of 40,000 pieces a day. The clothing is boiled with soap and soda, and then washed in hollow wheels, rinsed, dried by centrifugal machines and in hot-air ovens; and is finally ironed between polished rollers, and then packed ready for return to Paris.

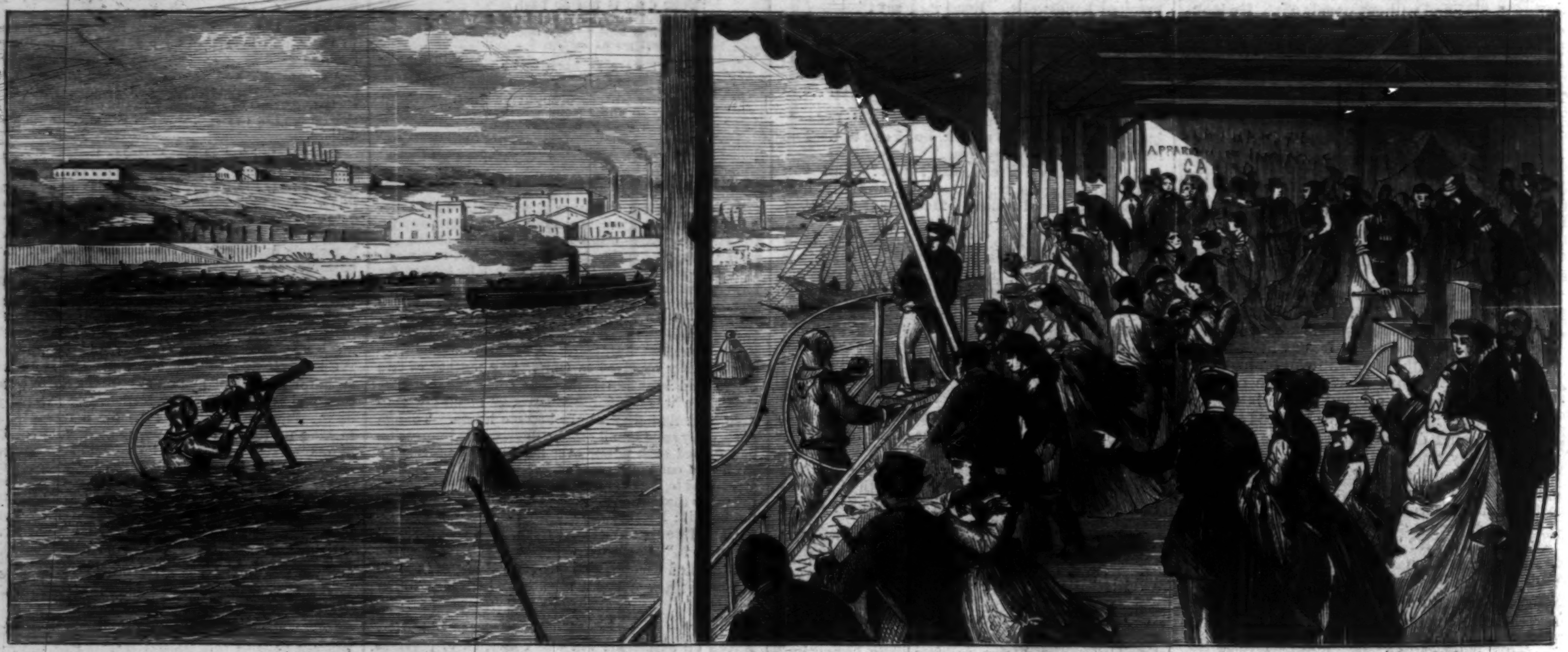
There is a quiet parish in Scotland, Kirkgunzeon by name, which until very recently had neither post-office, public house, nor church; neither doctor, lawyer, butcher, nor baker. With the exception of the minister and schoolmaster, the blacksmith, a couple of shoemakers, a few small shop-keepers, and the laird's game-keeper, every individual in it was directly dependent on agriculture.

THE LATE JOHN A. ANDREW.

Ex-Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, died of apoplexy at Boston on October 30. He was born at Windham, Maine, May 31, 1818, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1837. He immediately entered upon the study of the law in Boston, where in 1840 he was admitted to the bar. Until the outbreak of the war he practiced his profession in that city, attaining special distinction in the Fugitive Slave cases of Shadrach, Burns, and Sims, which arose in that city under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. From the year 1848 he was closely identified with the Anti-slavery party of Massachusetts, but held no office until 1858, when he was elected a member of the State Legislature from Boston. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention, and after voting for Mr. Seward on the early ballots, announced the change of the vote of part of the Massachusetts delegation to Mr. Lincoln. In the same year he was elected the twenty-first Governor of Massachusetts since the adoption of the Constitution of 1780, by the largest popular vote ever cast for any candidate. He was specially energetic in placing the militia of Massachusetts on a war footing, in anticipation of the impending conflict between the government and the seceded States; and, after the war had actually begun, was equally active in raising Massachusetts's contingent of volunteers on the various calls for troops. He was twice re-elected Governor, and during the three terms was one of the most urgent in impressing upon the Administration at Washington the necessity of adopting the emancipation policy, and of accepting the services of colored troops. The meeting of Governors at Altoona, mainly at Governor Andrew's instance, had these objects in view, and was the forerunner of the Proclamation of Emancipation. His third re-election, in November, 1862, over General Devens, the Conservative candidate, was by 25,000 majority. On the expiration of this term he declined renomination, to attend to his private business, as he was unable to sustain the pecuniary sacrifice involved in holding the office. Soon after he was tendered and declined the Presidency of Antioch College, Ohio. The distinguished ability which shone out in his administration as Governor of Massachusetts, the many sterling qualities which were summed up in his character, his social address, and the charm of his conversational powers, which were brilliant, together with his clear and forcible style as an orator, will ever remain impressed on the memories of all who knew him.



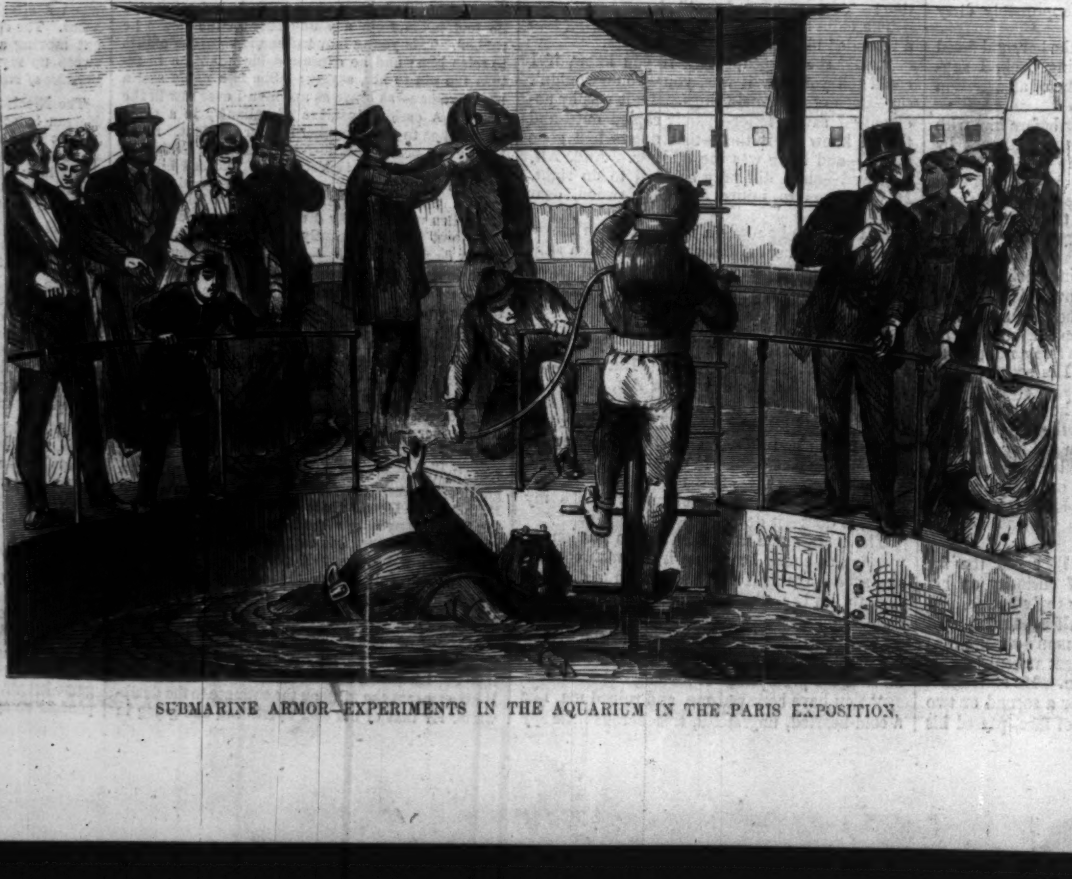
THE LATE HON. JOHN A. ANDREW, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



SUBMARINE ARMOR—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE APPARATUS IN THE SEINE, FRANCE.

SUBMARINE ARMOR EXPERIMENTS.

To England reverts the honor of that daring invention which enables man to discover the secrets of the deep. The astronomer Halley constructed the first diving-bell, and himself experimented with his invention. Until 1830 the diving-bell alone was employed in the numerous submarine works; since that time a new apparatus, known by the name of scaphanger, has been used—a water-proof costume which permits the wearer full liberty of movement in an almost unlimited space. This apparatus has been improved by Messrs. Rouquayrol, mining engineer, and Denayrouse, lieutenant in the navy. It was very curious and interesting to see, in the late Paris Exposition, through the panes of glass which form the sides of that kind of reservoir which has justly been styled a human aquarium, and which we lately illustrated in the *Weekly*, the divers gently descend from the surface to the bottom, sit down, recline, rise, and dart to the top as swift as lightning by merely closing a little air-cock in the upper part of their caps, and which corresponds with a regulating reservoir. We give on this page two illustrations of the manner in which this submarine armor is used.



SUBMARINE ARMOR—EXPERIMENTS IN THE AQUARIUM IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

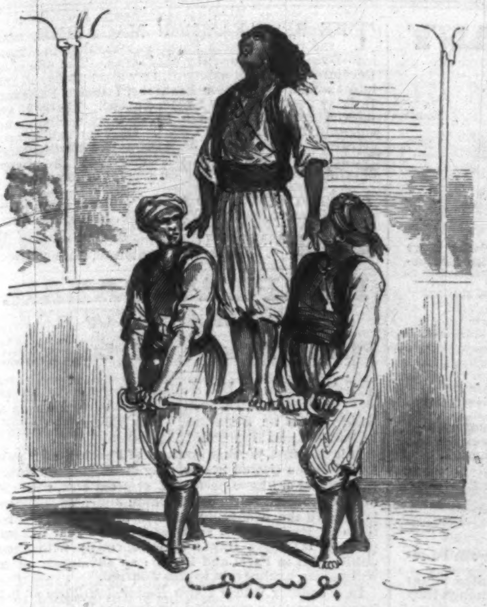
The stately and beautiful variety of the antelope family exemplifies the inefficiency of those closet-naturalists who, without sufficient knowledge, arbitrarily classify animals under scientific names, being called antelo-capra, or goat-antelope, under a misapprehension that its horns were permanent, whereas the animal sheds them annually, as any old hunter can bear witness.

Vast herds of these quadrupeds inhabit our great Western plains, and migrate north or south according to the season. During the time they are feeding one of the herd, usually an old buck of experience and discretion, is placed at some prominent outlook. On the approach of any suspicious object the sentinel signals to the flock, and the animals in a body trot forward to examine for themselves the character and urgency of the danger with which they are menaced. Having satisfied their doubts or curiosity the herd "turns tail," and at once makes off at a gait and speed that defy competition or approach.

A large white patch on the rump consists of stiff hairs of a considerable length; these, when the animal is running, are elevated and thrown back or ruffled, as a bird ruffles its plumage, giving to the distant, foreshortened animals an appearance ludicrously suggestive of white cotton balls bounding away across the plains. Moving at a little distance directly away from the spectator, no one who has ever beheld them has failed to remark this peculiarity in their appearance. The winter coat of the grown prong-horn is about two inches long, and the hairs are as brittle as glass. The prong-horn antelope of this country has considerable likeness, not only in form but in habit, to the chamois of the Alps, especially in the structure of the horns.

The hoofs are very sharp and pointed; with them the antelope will in an instant cut a rattle-snake to pieces as cleanly as though it were done with a knife.

The antelope is remarkable for its attachment to its young. Instances of its having successfully defended the fawn against prairie wolves are not uncommon. Such defense, however, is necessary only while the fawn is very young, as it is soon able to accompany its fleet-footed mother, and can then bid defiance to all the ills that antelope "flesh is heir to," except "the fateful rifle" of the hunter. In the incident illustrated on page 729, related by Wm. H. Beard, as witnessed by him while traveling in Colorado with Bayard Taylor, the buck and doe were both defending the fawn.



ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE SWORD BALANCE.

THE ALGERINE JUGGLERS.

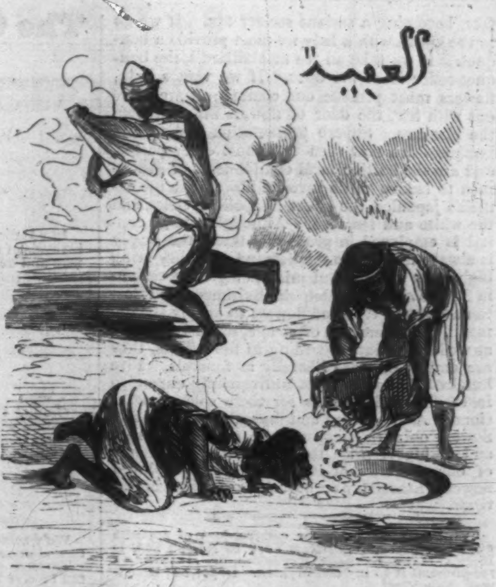
We thought that the Japanese jugglers who lately appeared in this city were marvelous smart fellows at sleight-of-hand tricks, and undoubtedly they were, but their exploits would be considered tame and commonplace if compared to the feats of the Algerine jugglers who, under the Frenchy name of *Les Aissaoua*, are astonishing and horrifying Paris.

And Paris is as much mystified as horrified by the *Aissaoua*, for, though they come from one of the conquered provinces of France, Algeria, the Parisians do not seem to know who or what they are. The general impression prevails that they form a religious sect widely spread through Africa, and especially through Algeria. Its aim is not known; its foundation dates back, it is said, to Ayesha, the favorite slave of the Prophet; and the *Aissaoua* claim that their pious founder bestowed on them the privilege of being insensible to suffering.

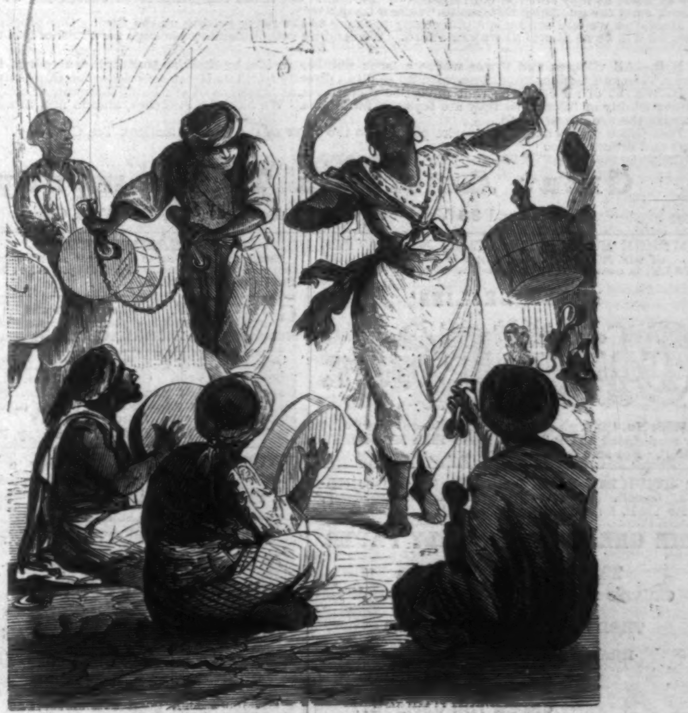
The performances of the band now in Paris have not been described by the Parisian press, but there are several accounts on record of the manner of their performances at home. An Eastern traveler in describing Constantine thus speaks of what he saw in the Rue de Zouaves in that little Arab city, which is at once the richest grain dépôt and strongest fortified city of Africa:

> The Aissaoua—the proper term as used by the Algerines themselves is Ayeshas—came in one after another. When a number had arrived three young men seated themselves on the ground, with their legs crossed, around drums, and two others installed themselves opposite, in the same position, by the side of lighted brasiers, armed with huge *krakeuls*—a kind of metal castinets. Each Ayesha as he came in ranged himself against the wall, near those who had already arrived, and soon the ceremony began. At a signal given by the chief they began to beat the drums, to sound the *krakeuls*, and to chant one of those interminable songs which are heard nowhere but in the East. One of the chief's assistants threw a quantity of incense into the lighted brasiers; the chain of human beings along the wall moved; all inclined their bodies at the same moment, and horrible howls rose from every mouth. Thereupon began one of the most disorderly dances that I ever witnessed in my life.
>
> All the men began to leap, first on one foot and then on the other, without, however, quitting their places. By degrees the musicians quickened their song, and the drums and *krakeuls* beat faster; the dancers followed the measure, and ere long their dance acquired a blinding rapidity. The mosque in which this performance took place was lighted by four lamps, in which perfumed oil was burning; the fumes of the incense rose to the brain; the noise of the drums and *krakeuls* was deafening; the voices of the singers dinned the ear; and the eyes were dazzled by the giddy flight of the dancers, who from time to time gave vent to unearthly yells, and threw off their garments reeking with perspiration. The poor madmen felt their brains reeling: they no longer danced, they flew; they no longer cried, they vociferated. At this moment an Ayesha quitted the ranks, still dancing; he advanced to the musicians, who slackened their measure, while the singers lowered their voices almost to a whisper. He began to chant a melancholy song, and soon burst into tears, dancing all the while. He implored Divine mercy, and supplicated Ayesha, the favorite of the Prophet, to intercede with Allah to insure the triumph of truth and justice. Ere long he abandoned himself to contortions of which it is impossible to give an idea, throwing his head backward and forward so violently that his neck appeared completely out of joint. After a few moments of this exercise the poor wretch, panting and exhausted, rolled head over heels and fell like a lifeless mass. The drums began to beat with new fury, and the singers, as if to make up for lost time, raised their voices to the shrillest notes.
>
> A second fanatic, a negro, left the ranks, threw himself on the ground, and began to walk on all fours, howling like a jackal. He approached the chief like a dog begging his master for a bone; the latter took a living and writhing scorpion from a basket and flung it to the negro, who devoured it with marks of the most evident satisfaction. When he had finished the chief gave him a viper, which he ate with the utmost eagerness, then returned to his place. Another came, who devoured a branch of cactus, the thorns of which pierced his tongue through and through. Another crushed glass with his teeth, and afterward swallowed it without appearing to suffer. I did not think that the wretch could survive such a repast, but I saw him subsequently go through the same exercise.
>
> The invulnerables then entered the lists and performed their usual tricks, but they seemed to me less astonishing than the others, and produced the impression on my mind that they were mere charlatans. The exercises which they went through, nevertheless, were extraordinary. One of them, a tall fellow, twenty-five or six years old, approached a burning brasier, took a plate of iron heated red-hot, and tossed it several times from one hand to the other, ending by licking it with his tongue. A negro then came out who picked up a live coal from the ground with his mouth, walked around the mosque in this manner, so that all might see it, and finally crunched it with his teeth. He several times repeated this horrible performance. When he had enough of it he approached the brasier and trod out the fire with his bare feet.
>
> Another presented himself who walked on the blade of a sword just sharpened, without even breaking the skin. Two men then seized the sword by the ends, and an Ayesha stretched himself on the blade and remained thus for more than half a second without sustaining any injury. A third, with the aid of a dagger, tore one his eyes from the socket and replaced it with his fingers.
>
> I can tell what I saw, but it is impossible to depict the horror of these performances in the midst of howls that seemed to belong to wild beasts rather than men. The imagination could conceive of nothing more frightful; for my own part, I had never dreamed of the like.
>
> The performances lasted more than two hours. At last the high-priest gave a signal, and the singing and dancing instantly ceased. The most profound silence succeeded the din. At a second signal all the Ayeshas prostrated themselves on the ground. After a few moments these men, calmed by a few moments of repose, arose one after another, picked up the clothing that they had scattered amidst the fracas, and withdrew noiselessly without speaking a word. For myself, I was horribly fatigued, physically and morally, and I am persuaded that, had the ceremony lasted another hour, I should have fallen a victim to hallucination, like all these poor wretches. I did not breathe at my ease till I was far from this infernal mosque.

An English traveler, in a new book entitled "Under the Palms," says he witnessed similar feats in the city of Algiers. He describes one old negro who had arrived at the proper pitch of idiocy, by the help of fumes of vapor emanating from a low table in the centre of the hall, as screwing a sword into his cheek as far as it would go, all the while enjoying the process. "Red-hot shovels were then brought in, and a wicked old Arab proceeded to lick one of them with his tongue; and, placing it on the ground, deliberately stood on it until the flesh crackled and hissed, and smelled most horribly. We examined his feet, and found them charred; but the custom of going barefoot gave him a horny sole, which protected him from real injury."



ALGERINE JUGGLERS—EATING COALS OF FIRE.



ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE DANCE OF TOMBOUETON.

HINT TO BRICKMAKERS.

There are many scores of historical societies in the United States which are doing good work in collecting and preserving the early history of the country, and many new and valuable facts have in the last few years been established through their agency and labors; but there are also many blanks in our history which can never be filled up. For the sake of future historical societies, and for the benefit of future generations, we throw out this hint to architects and builders generally, but more especially to the makers of those bricks with which the greater proportion of our private and public edifices are built.

Some very difficult problems in chronology have been determined by names and characters on bricks. They are of very great antiquity—the oldest work of human hands which have been preserved to us—and they bear on their faces not only evidence but actual record of having been made in the earliest ages of the known world. Persia, Syria, Armenia, and Egypt are strewn with well-manufactured bricks which antedate historical periods. Ancient Rome furnishes bricks of a very superior make, which have stood an exposure of at least twenty centuries in the arches of their magnificent aqueducts, millions upon millions of which would do good service another thousand years in any structure where they might be used. The Babylonians appear to have been careful to have a record on every brick made and used by them. Every one of the cuneiform letters seen on the bricks found among the ruins of Babylon may have expressed a date, or was intended to refer to an event or epoch that was memorable. But unfortunately the meaning of these is unknown to modern archæologists, and these valuable dates are lost.

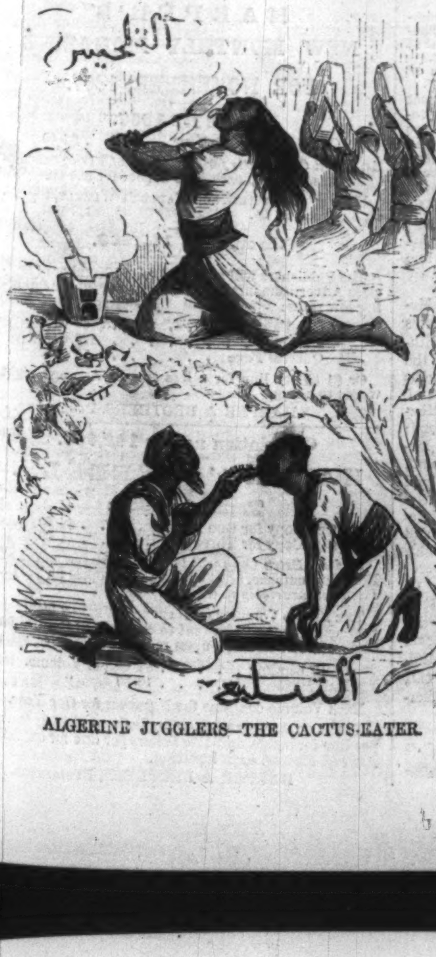
If modern brickmakers would place in the bottom of the mould in which the brick is formed the date of the year and the name of the place in which manufactured they would confer an immense benefit upon posterity. Each brick would become a striking witness of the progress of time, and refer back in the history of a nation, a city, or town, of incalculable value to future chroniclers and historians. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and indeed each city in the United States, must, in the course of events, have a history which, thousands of years hence, will be studied with as much interest as we now read of the ancient glories of Athens or Troy. A date on every old brick would be an important bit of evidence to establish many a disputed fact.

WANTED—A DERBY RACING PARK.

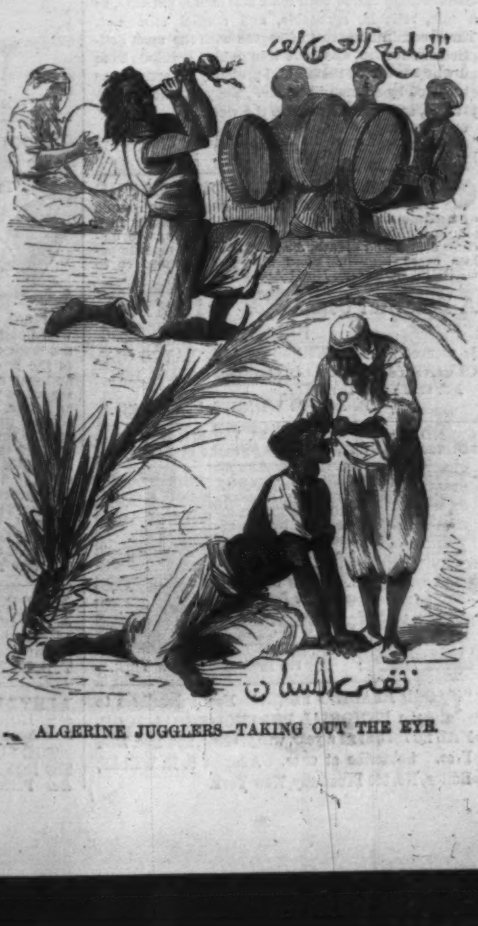
The autumn meetings of the New York Jockey Club at Jerome Park, which recently closed, are said to have been very successful. To call a race-course a park was an adroit move to render horse-racing respectable. Fashionable people have taken up the sport, and sanction the club meetings by their august presence. But while eminently nice people, if not eminently good people, go to these races, they are not likely to become widely popular under the arrangements as they exist. We as a nation need out-of-door sports, and if any thing can excuse the horse-races it is the sort of holiday, picnic character which it is expected to assume. The Jerome meetings have not the picturesque, open-air aspects of the great English races. The field-room is very limited, only sufficient for the carriages to be packed closely together in it, and the people adjourn to the Grand Stand, where they sit as if in an amphitheatre, and beyond the mere temporary excitement of the race there is evinced very little enjoyment or holiday hilarity. An English race, with its carriages covering the field, the open-air eating, drinking, and merry-making, the sports that fill up the time, is something quite different from the Jerome Park gatherings. If we must have the race, let us give it this out-of-door character, the people assembling on the field, where the sun, the air, and their own good spirits may conduce both to health and pleasure.

THE FLOWER TAX.

There has been of late years a marked increase in the use of flowers for social purposes. Every dinner-party or dancing-party must now be graced with these "stars of the earth." At larger assemblies there is always a lavish display of flowers, as if it were designed to intoxicate the guests with the delicious odors of innumerable blossoms. The passion for flowers is, in



ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE CACTUS-EATER.



ALGERINE JUGGLERS—TAKING OUT THE EYE.

fact, becoming a serious society tax. If we go to the Opera with a lady we must provide a bouquet. If we take an ice at Maillard's, the bouquet-seller is at the door. If we visit a lady, flowers must precede our coming; if we drive out with her, the odor of flowers must sweeten the pleasure. Superb presentation baskets and bouquets are now seen in almost every parlor, and are the horticultural compliments of gentlemen to ladies. The favorite flowers are the camellia japonica, the sweet Neapolitan violet, and the white and tea rose. Although a large capital is employed in producing these, the supply is always unequal to the demand, and they bring high, even extravagant prices, on great occasions in New York. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston are swept clean of flowers to supply the demand. Flowers are, of course, extensively used at weddings, but, according to the florists, they are employed more liberally at funerals. Five hundred dollars are not unfrequently expended in crosses and wreaths for these solemn occasions. As weddings and funerals require white flowers only, they cause these to be more rare and of higher price than colored ones. Some of our churches of late years have employed flowers extensively on occasions of religious festivals.

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THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF INFANCY

Are acute, an instance of which is furnished during the period of dentition, when we encounter restlessness, wakefulness, general emaciation and prostration, vomiting, convulsions, and sometimes death. Again, we meet with a decided febrile condition, with daily exacerbations and remissions, a distended abdomen, offensive breath, and very often symptoms of cerebral oppression, in children affected with worms, and a case of what is called *Worm Fever* is reported. What folly, under these circumstances, to dose the suffering child with anti-periodics, tonics, opiates, nervous sedatives, &c.! The dictates of reason point unerringly to the only proper indication in all such cases. *Remove the cause.* To do this effectually, have recourse to a remedy which possesses the combined properties of safety and uniform efficiency. Is it not enough that the tender child has been racked with tormenting pains, its blood fired by burning fevers, and its strength wasted? Shall its miseries be continued and multiplied by feeding it with "pleasant-tasting comfits" on the one hand, or dangerously-compounded "remedies" on the other? Are not these questions pertinent when heads of families have within reach a long-established preparation, which has *proved itself uniformly safe and efficacious?* DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE is *the great specific*, which certainly clears the system of worms, and by so doing abolishes the existence of all sympathetic maladies arising therefrom.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

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Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

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HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by HARPER & BROTHERS, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

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In the first Number of the BAZAR will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT
TO ERECT THE
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM
FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPALDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

October 25th, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1.	1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2.	1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3.	1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4.	1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8.	1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9.	1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10.	1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11.	1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14.	1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22.	1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26.	1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27.	1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29.	1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36.	1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42.	1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44.	1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46.	1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47.	1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50.	1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51.	1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52.	1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56.	1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60.	1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61.	1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62.	1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63.	1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70.	1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74.	1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76.	1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78.	1 Emerald Knob	500
79.	1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81.	1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82.	1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84.	1 Gold Watch	300
85.	1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88.	1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90.	1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93.	1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94.	1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95.	1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96.	1 Cameo Brooch	100
97.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99.	1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100.	1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101.	1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102.	1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104.	1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
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	Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
	Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$ 4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 " "	9 00	50 " "	43 50
20 " "	17 50	100 " "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York Office, 611 Broadway.

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500 MILES
OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

The Entire Grand Line

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

Forty Million Dollars in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. United States Bonds

Having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States take *a second lien* as security.

2. Frst Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the bondholders are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of U. S. House of Representatives, who are responsible for the delivery of these bonds to the company in strict accordance with the terms of the law.

3. The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant, or *absolute donation* from the government, of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1 50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

4. The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 500 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisite rolling-stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be $90,000 per mile,

THE TOTAL COST OF ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

914 miles, at $68,058	$62,205,012
186 miles, at $90,000	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.	4,500,000
Amount	$83,445,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

AVAILABLE CASH RESOURCES FOR BUILDING ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES:

U. S. Bonds	$29,328,000
First Mortgage Bonds	29,328,000
Capital stock paid in on the work now done	5,369,750
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1 50 per acre	21,120,000
Total	$85,145,750

The company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

Active inquiry has already been made for a portion of these lands, and arrangements are now proposed to offer a part of them for sale. The lands of the Illinois Central Railroad Company are selling at from $6 to $12 per acre, and other land-grant companies in the West are receiving equal prices for similar properties.

Future Business.

The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is finished the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

Earnings from Way Business.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.

Passengers, Freight, Telegraph, and Mails	$723,755 54
Transportation of Contractors' Materials and Men	479,283 41
Total	$1,203,038 95

EXPENSES.

Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c.	$395,530 92
NET EARNINGS to balance	807,508 03
Total	$1,203,038 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter, were $237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows:

Earnings for May, June, and July	$723,755 54
Expenses " " "	237,966 50
Net Profit	$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent., on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

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whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay

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CLARK, DODGE & CO., Bankers, 51 Wall St.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, 33 Wall St.,

and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained on application. Remittances should be made in Drafts, or other funds, par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express.

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October 28, 1867. New York.

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